JOJO RABBIT

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INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - MORNING

We open with QUICK DETAIL SHOTS of a young boy dressing:

- a brown shirt buttoned.
- badges pinned.
- belt tightened.
- neck kerchief tied.
- shoelaces tied and shoes polished.
- socks pulled up to knees.
- hair combed.
- eye-pencil applied above top lip...??
- A shiny shoe, laces undone, stomps down hard on the floor.

He is dressed. We PULL to a CLOSE-UP, coming face to face with our HERO...

JOHANNES BETZLER, (JOJO), a cute but slightly overweight and gawky 10 year-old Boy. He stares into a full-length mirror. He has drawn a HITLER moustache on his upper lip.

JOJO
Jojo Betzler, ten and a half years old. Today you join the ranks of the Jungvolk. You are in peak mental and physical condition. You have the body of a panther and the mind of a... brainy panther. You are a shining example of shiny perfection, an elite soldier and a proud German. This is a great day, for you, the Betzler family, and for all of Germany.

"BREATHLESS" by NICK CAVE begins to play and we PULL OUT to reveal Jojo is dressed in a HITLER YOUTH uniform. He is a little chubby, awkward and geeky. He puts on his glasses, does a little dance on the spot and does the NAZI SALUTE.

JOJO (CONT'D)
HEIL HITLER!!!

SUPER: "GERMANY, 1944"

EXT. WOODS - HITLERJUGEND CAMP - DAY

Jojo and Yorki sit with other clean cut young children aged between 10 and 13.

CHILDREN
(singing)
I swear to devote all my energies and my strength to the saviour of our country, Adolf Hitler. I am willing and ready to give up my life for him, so help me God.

CAPTAIN KLENZENDORF, weathered, addresses a large group of children. He is accompanied by his camp, awkwardly enthusiastic assistant, SUB-OFFICER FINKEL (20's). Captain Klenzendorf addresses the young crowd.

KLENZENDORF
Heil Hitler!

FINKEL
Heil Hitler!

KIDS
Heil Hitler!

KLENZENDORF
Jungvolk, welcome to the Hitlerjugend training weekend in which we will make men and women of you all. My name is Captain Klenzendorf - you may call me Captain K.

FINKEL
Captain K! Woo!

KLENZENDORF
...and this is Sub-Officer Finkel. Over the next two days you will get a taste of the Hitlerjugend experience so you know what you're in store for once you're old enough to join yourself. You boys have all been issued with your Deutsches Jungvolk Daggers.

Jojo and Yorki inspect and admire their nice new DEUTSCHES JUNGVOLK (DJ) KNIVES.

KLENZENDORF (CONT'D)
These are very special and expensive weapons, you should never be without them. And <u>DO NOT</u> try to stab each other.

FINKEL
No stabbing!

KLENZENDORF
This is your first step towards being men.
(MORE)

KLENZENDORF (CONT'D)
Today you boys will be involved in such activities as marching, bayonet drills, grenade throwing, trench digging, map reading, gas defence, camouflage, making traps, ambush techniques, war games, firing guns and blowing stuff up.

Huge cheers from the group of boys. Jojo and Yorki smile at each other, this is going to be awesome.

KLENZENDORF (CONT'D)
The girls will practice important womanly duties such as nursing wounds, and learning how to get pregnant.

Groans of disappointment from the girls.

KLENZENDORF (CONT'D)
Alright, let's get to it. Everyone READY?!

CHILDREN
JA WOHL! HEIL HITLER!!!

The entire circle salutes, as do Jojo and Yorki. The BDM head off towards a COMMUNITY HALL in a nearby field.

"I DON'T WANNA GROW UP" by Tom Waits kicks in, the older boys start screaming at the smaller kids, rounding them up, ordering them into groups and y'know, being teenage Nazi assholes.

FINKEL
Move, move, move! On your feet you little Hitlers!

MONTAGE - HITLER YOUTH TRAINING CAMP...

Various scenes of Jojo and Yorki training with the Hitlerjugend.

- KNIFE THROWING. Jojo and Yorki stand around in a group of boys throwing their DJ knives from 10 FEET into a tree. None of the knives stick, instead they fly off at dangerous angles, one ricochets, lodging itself in another kid's thigh.

- GUN RANGE. Jojo stands, trying with all his might to aim a KARABINER 98K RIFLE at a target in the distance. He fires and, jumping from the loudness of the shot, drops the rifle.

- Inside the Hall, a group of girls attempt to dress fake wounds on each other while in the background Sub-officer Finkel shows other girls a sanitized and tame version of childbirth with an anatomically INCORRECT diagram of a BABY inside a girl's stomach. It's smiling.

FINKEL
Then a happy baby comes out. Yay!

- WAR GAME. The boys are separated into 2 groups, one side wearing RED SASHES and the other GREEN. They chase each other round a clearing, pushing each other over and taking prisoners etc. Jojo and Yorki are taken prisoner instantly. An older boy watches them and shakes his head disapprovingly.

INT. WOODS - GROUP CIRCLE - DUSK

Jojo sits in a group of boys and girls. One by one, sometimes overlapping, the children call out.

CHILDREN
Horns / Serpent tongue / Fangs /
Green blood / Claws.

Their teacher, FRAULEIN RAHM, proudly writes the children's words, along with others, on a blackboard. Above them is the heading: THE JEW. Finkel stands nearby, observing and taking notes.

FRAULEIN RAHM
Fantastisch! Excellent work children.
You also forgot that the Jew is the
offspring of Satan and sucks the blood
of Christian children for their mitzvah.

Horrified gasps from the children. Finkel nods - I'm afraid so.

FRAULEIN RAHM (CONT'D)
By the time the inferior race catches up
to where we are today, our civilisation
will be way up here.

Rahm sketches a mountain with chalk. She draws a peak too steep to be stable. The top is all skinny and wobbly.

FRAULEIN RAHM (CONT'D)
It has been scientifically proven that
we Aryans are <u>1000 times</u> more advanced
and civilised than any other race.

Gasps and applause from the children. Fraulein Rahm smiles.

FRAULEIN RAHM (CONT'D)
Now, get your things together, it's time
to burn some books!

CHILDREN
Yayyyy!!!

They gather together and move towards another area where a LARGE BONFIRE burns. The children hold stacks of books. Jojo opens his bag and pulls out a small pile.

YORKI
Is that it? Only 4 books?

JOJO
It's all I could find on the list.
(reading the authors)
Kafka... Brecht... Hesse... Burn you losers.

He throws them into the fire, Yorki follows suit. The books land among other burning authors, FREUD, LESSING, MANN, PROUST, HEMINGWAY, REMARQUE.

SLOW MOTION as the children all dance round the bonfire, throwing books into the inferno.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jojo and Yorki lie awake in sleeping bags under the night sky inspecting their new DJ KNIVES.

JOJO
Imagine being in a battle, you've just run out of ammo, all you have is your DJ Knife. I would take down 20 of them before they got me. And I'd be laughing when they did.

YORKI
I don't like that situation. I don't want to die at all.

JOJO
Live Faithfully, Fight Bravely, and Die Laughing, Yorki, that's the motto.

YORKI
I know but I wouldn't be laughing. I'd probably be screaming.

JOJO
Then I'm afraid you might not be cut out for Hitler's personal guard. It's really hard to get chosen y'know. You need to have perfect vision, perfect teeth and you're only allowed a little bit of fat.

YORKI
(prodding his chubbiness)
Jews sound scary, huh?

JOJO
Not to me. If I met one I'd kill it like <u>that</u>.
(tries to snap his fingers)
Like... that.

YORKI
But how would you know if you saw one? They can look just like us.

JOJO
Oh I'd know. I'd feel it's head for horns. And they smell like Brussel Sprouts.

YORKI
Oh yeah, I forgot about the Brussel Sprouts bit.

JOJO
Imagine catching one and giving it to Hitler. That'd be a sure-fire way to get into his personal guard.

YORKI
He'd be so impressed.

JOJO
Then we would become best friends.

YORKI
I thought *I* was your best friend.

JOJO
Yorki, you're my *second* best friend. First place is reserved for the Führer. He, and only he can have that spot, so unless you're Hitler hiding in a fat little boy's body I'd be happy with 2nd place.

YORKI
I'm just a kid.

JOJO
Case closed.

YORKI
I'm not that fat am I?

Jojo gives him a “really?” look, rolls over and stares at the sky.

JOJO
(whispering)
Night papa, I hope you come home soon. Night Inga, I hope you’re happy up there.

A rustling noise can be heard, Jojo turns his head to see Yorki doing sit-ups, gasping for air and prodding his tubby belly. Jojo observes for a moment. He too starts doing sit-ups.

EXT. WOODS - TRAINING GROUND - MORNING

Jojo sits with a bunch of other kids. Two team leaders, CHRISTOPH and HANS, (17) smoke cigarettes and hold court.

HANS
When you stand before a Roast Beef-man and have to end his life, which of you will have the stomach for it?

Everyone raises their hands. Jojo too, although a little slow.

HANS (CONT’D)
There is no room in Hitler’s army for those who lack strength. We want hardened warriors who are prepared to kill at will. Can you do that?

OTHER KIDS
Yes / Sure / Oh absolutely.

CHRISTOPH
Johannes? Can you kill?

JOJO
Pff, of course. I <u>love</u> killing.

CHRISTOPH
Good...

Christoph uncovers a small cage nearby - it is filled with little rabbits. Christoph takes a bunny from the cage and holding it by the ears, hands it to Jojo.

CHRISTOPH (CONT’D)
Kill it.

JOJO
Hmm?

CHRISTOPH
Wring its neck. Kill the rabbit.

JOJO
Oh, I'm ok. I might do it later.

CHRISTOPH
No later, NOW. Or are you scared?

JOJO
No, I'm not scared. I just... I'm allergic to fur and I don't want itchy hands for the rest of the weekend.

HANS
Wha-? Kill the damn rabbit and be a soldier!

JOJO
But soldiers kill *people*, not bunnies.

HANS
You must show you have an iron stomach to undertake the work of eradicating the parasites of the world.

Hans gives the rabbit to an increasingly nervous Jojo.

HANS (CONT'D)
Place both hands around its neck and then one hard twist. He might scream but drop him and we'll use the boot to finish it off. Kill... kill...

Jojo, shaking now, holds the bunny and looks at it directly in the eye. He gulps. The boys join the chant.

OTHER KIDS
Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill.

Jojo looks over at Yorki who is frozen, eyes agape. He turns to face the woods, away from the group. The boys are like baying wolves; they crouch in around Jojo as he leans over the rabbit. Jojo DROPS the bunny, trying to shoo it away. But it doesn't run and Christoph steps forward, grabs the rabbit, and snaps its neck. Shocked gasps and squeaks of horror from the other kids. One faints. Probably Yorki.

CHRISTOPH
Coward. Just like your father.

JOJO
He's not a coward, he's in Italy.

CHRISTOPH
No one has heard from him in 2 years. He's a deserting coward just like you.

HANS
Yes, he's a deserter.

JOJO
No, he doesn't do that, he fights.

CHRISTOPH
He's scared and so are you. You're as scared as a rabbit.

He kicks Jojo to the ground. Hans places a boot on his neck.

HANS
Scared little rabbit. Maybe we should snap *your* neck too.

KID
Cowardly bunny.

ANOTHER KID
Jojo rabbit.

The rest of the kids taunt Jojo. He stands and runs into the woods, laughter following close behind.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jojo sits alone on a log, sobbing to himself. He looks up to see a little BUTTERFLY flitting around by his feet... and then a voice comes from behind.

VOICE (O.S.)
Poor Jojo, what's wrong, little man?

Jojo turns around, it is none other than his <u>fantasy-friend</u>, ADOLF HITLER. Jojo brightens at the sight of his hero.

JOJO
Hi Adolf.

Adolf takes a seat. This is not the Adolf Hitler we all know and hate, this guy is goofy, charming, and glides through life with a child-like naivety; a real dork.

ADOLF
Why so down in the dumps? A strong boy like yourself shouldn't be sad, you should be happy like a cloud! Clouds don't care about anything!

JOJO
They called me a coward. And my papa, they say he makes desserts instead of fighting. But I know he's still fighting, for you, for me, and for Germany.

ADOLF
Oh, of course he is! And he is also making nice desserts, nothing wrong with that. My God, his custard tarts are the only thing keeping up morale at the front.

JOJO
Do you think he can come home soon? Just for a quick visit?

ADOLF
Well, I kinda need him for those special missions and whatnot. And the desserts are also an important factor. He's one of my top men. Now, want to tell me about the rabbit incident? What was that all about?

JOJO
They wanted me to kill it. I'm sorry.

ADOLF
Meh, don't worry about it. I couldn't care less. Just like a cloud.

JOJO
But now they call me a scared rabbit.

ADOLF
Well you want to know something?
(off Jojo's nod)
Just because they're small and delightfully cute doesn't mean rabbits are cowards. The rabbit faces a dangerous world everyday, hunting carrots for his family... for his country. Forget those boys. They have their place and so do you. My empire will be made up of all animals, eagles, lions, elephants and even rabbits.

Hitler lights a cigarette, offers Jojo a drag.

JOJO
No thanks, I don't sm--

ADOLF
But not those Egyptian horses with bumpy-backs. I don't trust them.

JOJO
You mean camels?

ADOLF
(laughing, condescending)
"Camels", ha! I don't think they're called that.
(beat)
Remember this good advice Jojo, be the rabbit. The bunny can outwit all his enemies!

He winks at Jojo who tries to wink back but still can only manage a weird double wink-blink. Adolf kicks a defenceless stick.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What's in those bumps I wonder? Baby Camels? More humps? I guess we'll never know their secrets.

JOJO
(to himself)
Be the Rabbit...

EXT. WOODS - TRAINING GROUND - DAY

Captain Klenzendorf instructs the older boys on throwing hand-grenades. They stand around within a sort of trench set-up. The young kids sit back, behind the trench at a safe distance. Finkel stands nervously to the side, sort of hiding behind Klenzendorf.

KLENZENDORF
Now lads, the hand-grenade is one of the most effective weapons in the German army. It can blow off a leg, maybe 2 legs, definitely a head. Just quietly, I prefer the rounder, egg-shaped version used by the British and Americans. I dunno, it just seems silly that our ones look like sticks.

FINKEL
Sticks... pff.

He continues talking in the background as Jojo approaches and quietly sidles up to Yorki.

YORKI
Are you alright Jojo?

JOJO
Absolutely, I was just doing some push-ups for my muscles.

YORKI
I thought you were crying.

JOJO
Nope. Push-ups.
(flexing his tiny arm)
Don't just assume that because water comes from someone's eyes that they are crying, okay? Are you a tear-drop specialist?

YORKI
No.

JOJO
Case closed. Now, Yorki Dorky, it's time for Jojo to show these pip-squeaks who is a coward. I mean, NOT a coward - me.

He takes a deep breath and scurries off into the bushes.

YORKI
(loud whisper)
Jojo! Where are you going? Don't you want to watch the hand-grenades?

We are back with the older group.

KLENZENDORF
Each of you will be given the opportunity to ignite and throw a grenade. ONE AT A TIME. I will personally be supervising each--

Suddenly, in a flurry of noise and action, Jojo bursts out of the bushes and onto the scene.

JOJO
Jojo rabbit! Jojo rabbit! Hunting carrots, Jojo rabbit!

He runs past the boys, grabs one of the GRENADES from the open box and darts out, over the top of the trench and into the HOT ZONE - an area of forest stretching out before the group.

KLENZENDORF
You! Get back here with that!!!

But Jojo is off, he runs from the group. Adolf Hitler runs beside him, goading him on, screaming.

ADOLF
This is amazing! We're like two antelopes!

They reach a little clearing where Jojo pulls the PIN on the grenade and screams an ungodly war-cry. He hurls the grenade like a war hero. It flies through the air, bounces off a tree, hits another one, deflects off a branch then ricochets backwards, landing only 10-feet away from Jojo.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
Scheisse.

He bolts, getting clear and leaving Jojo standing alone, the grenade at his feet.

JOJO
Ooh, scheisse...

KABOOM!!! Jojo goes flying in an explosion of smoke and debris.

FADE OUT.

SFX: HEAVY BREATHING...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

JOJO'S POV - The next couple of minutes are small glimpses as Jojo comes in and out of consciousness.

- Bright lights in an operating room. A doctor hovers over us, we see INSTRUMENTS. A concerned Adolf Hitler peeks in, smiles and gives us the thumbs up. Jojo's BLOODIED THUMB comes into view.

- Over BLACK, we hear voices. Fade up to see a concerned male doctor and Captain Klenzendorf.

KLENZENDORF
It was one of those stick-shaped ones, you know?

FINKEL
Like this.

Finkel holds up a stick grenade. The doctor steps back.

KLENZENDORF
Luckily it was only a training grenade, half strength. A proper one would have blown off a leg.

FINKEL
Or a head.

KLENZENDORF
Maybe a head.
(aside, to doctor)
Do you think I could get in trouble for this?

- FADE UP as we hear the sound of Jojo's mother, FRAU BETZLER, entering the room. Her face comes in to focus, loving and kind.

FRAU BETZLER
Darling Jojo, my cub... I'm taking you home.

- Jojo's hand raises into shot, reaching out to her. The shot wells with tears, de-focuses, and fades.

- Over black we hear sounds. We come in and out of a hazy picture of Frau Betzler sitting beside Jojo, her hand caressing his face. We are in his bedroom now, the Hitler posters still on the wall. His mother comes in and out of focus. The image shifts and we see various small, STUFFED ANIMALS, on the pillow next to him - a LION, an ELEPHANT, a CAMEL, a RABBIT.

WE FADE TO BLACK AND HEAR WHISPERS, PEOPLE IN THE HOUSE.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - JOJO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jojo wakes in a daze. Feeling something nearby, he lays absolutely silent. A creak is heard directly outside his open door. He whispers.

JOJO
Hello?

The creaking stops. Jojo cowers under the blankets.

JOJO (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Inga, go away. Please.

FADE OUT.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - MORNING

A NEW JOJO stands before us in front of the mirror. He has a small scar on his cheek. His RIGHT ARM hangs a little limp, and he teeters upon his legs which are not used to walking.

FRAU BETZLER (O.S.)
There's my little cub.

In the mirror Jojo sees his mother standing at the door, smiling. She hugs him tightly, smiling.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
Hello darling.

JOJO
Why so happy? Your son is a monster.

FRAU BETZLER
You're no monster. You're still my beautiful Jojo. Besides the doctors are confident you will get most of the movement back in your hand and you will also walk properly again. But I'm just happy to have you back home.

JOJO
I'll never be in Hitler's guard now.

FRAU BETZLER
You're fine as you are.

JOJO
I need to be <u>better</u>.

FRAU BETZLER
You need to be <u>you</u>. Mama Lion worries about her cub, that's all. Especially when papa Lion isn't here.

JOJO
Or Inga Lion.

FRAU BETZLER
Or Inga Lion.

JOJO
Mama, you don't have to worry about me. I'm a tough guy and I will look after us. You wait, I'll make you the proudest mother in the whole wide Reich.

She smiles, a hint of sadness in her eyes. Jojo tries to tie his bootlaces but has trouble with only one good hand. Frau Betzler kneels down and helps him.

FRAU BETZLER
A few more months and you'll get it. Round the tree, through the hole...
(then)
(MORE)

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
Now, you better get on your way, I told the Hitlerjugend office you were coming in today.

JOJO
I thought you didn’t want me involved in all that.

FRAU BETZLER
I don’t want you involved in being dead on a battlefield. You can’t be a soldier but you can still help. I think getting out of the house will do wonders for your recuperation. Come on, you can walk me to the food store first. We need supplies.

EXT. JOJO’S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Using a cane, Jojo makes his way to the front door where his mother helps him into a jacket. He catches another glimpse of himself in a mirror.

JOJO
I don’t want to go out there.

FRAU BETZLER
Don’t be silly, of course you do.

JOJO
I look stupid. People will stare.

FRAU BETZLER
Let them! Enjoy the attention, kid. Not everyone is lucky enough to look stupid. What I wouldn’t give... Instead I am cursed to look incredibly attractive.
(suddenly upbeat)
Oh well, life goes on! Now, you’re going to pluck up your courage, walk out that door and have a fantastic adventure. Okay?

JOJO
(nodding, unsure)
Okay.

Frau Betzler parts the blinds on the front door and peeks outside.

FRAU BETZLER
Field Marshall Jojo, looks like the coast is clear. Now...

Looking over her shoulder, she produces a large, plain biscuit. It's all very covert and over the top, fun for Jojo.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
...many good men died to bring you this. It's a special potato-flour biscuit for emergencies. Emergencies dammit! Not only is it a biscuit, but it also doubles as an eye-patch in case you are invited to a pirate party.
(she demonstrates)
Or, it makes a decent shield - if engaged by a tiny little army of miniature ancient Romans. It could pass for a rather believable discus should you find yourself participating in a biscuit Olympiad. And in a pinch it also acts as a type of food to sustain you until dinner.
(then, peeking out the door once more)
Field Marshall Jojo, you're our top man. Prepare to leave the house...

Jojo smiles and prepares himself, playing along.

JOJO
Is it dangerous?

His mother smiles wide.

FRAU BETZLER
Extremely.

She WINKS at him and opens the door. They exit.

EXT. TOWN - STREET / RATION STORE - DAY

Jojo and his mother walk down the street. As he LIMPS, Jojo tries to avoid peoples' gazes. His mother enters a FOOD RATION STORE leaving Jojo outside. He notices himself in the store window and from his POV we see the new, crooked and damaged version of the sprightly young boy at the beginning of our story.

We PULL FOCUS to within the store. Frau Betzler takes a bag of food and loads them into a shopping stroller. Other people in the store watch her.

I/E. REICHSJUGENDAMT OFFICE - DAY

Jojo and Frau Betzler part ways outside the REICHSJUGENDAMT (Hitler Youth office), a small but official looking structure.

FRAU BETZLER
You have a wonderful day, cub.
(then)
Oh, you have something on your shirt.

She points and Jojo looks down. It's the old trick where she brings her hand up to flick him in the face. He laughs.

JOJO
Don't!

FRAU BETZLER
What? You really do have something!
Look!

She does it again and once more he falls for it.

JOJO
Stop hitting me!

FRAU BETZLER
I'm not hitting you, you're hitting yourself!

She grabs his wrists and makes Jojo lightly swat himself in the face, again and again. He giggles, absolutely powerless.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
Heyyy kid, don't beat yourself up.

She's a real clown and utterly charming. She wraps him up and gives him FIVE HUGE SMOOCHES all over his face.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
(in between kisses)
Absolutely gorgeous.
(kiss)
I love you.
(kiss)
Bye Shitler.

She heads off down the street, whistling. We reveal Jojo's face, covered in lipstick kiss-marks.

INT. REICHSJUGENDAMT - MOMENTS LATER

Jojo enters a large office. There is the usual Nazi Propaganda on the walls and a large SWASTIKA FLAG hangs behind a desk. The teacher from the HJ Camp, FRAULEIN RAHM, sits at a desk staring intently at a framed photo of HITLER. Two TEENAGE YOUTH OFFICERS laze about while a couple of other kids loiter in the corner, practising stabbing things with their DJ Knives.

JOJO
(screaming)
HEIL HITLER!!

Fraulein Rahm jumps.

FRAULEIN RAHM
Jesus kid. What happened to you?

JOJO
Wounded in battle. I got blown up.

FRAULEIN RAHM
What was it, a lipstick bomb?

Jojo catches sight of his lipstick covered face in a nearby reflection, quickly wipes his face.

JOJO
I am here to offer my services to the war effort--

VOICE (O.S.)
I know that voiiiice...

A figure emerges from an office - Captain Klenzendorf. Seeing Jojo's injuries he winces a little but covers well. He is followed by Sub-Officer Finkel who is buttoning up his jacket.

KLENZENDORF
Little Johannes! Looking goooood!

JOJO
Herr Klenzendorf.

KLENZENDORF
You remember Unteroffiziere Finkel.

Finkel nods to Jojo and continues to look weird and out of place.

FINKEL
Hello... child.

KLENZENDORF
(to the others)
Guys this is Johannes Betzler, the kid I told you about. Remember, he stole a hand grenade and blew himself up and as a result I was demoted for negligence and now have to work in this office.

JOJO
I am sorry you were demoted.

KLENZENDORF
Oh it's fine. I wasn't really enthusiastic about that training camp stuff. Little Nazis running around, maniacal singing and histrionics. Endless migraines.
(then)
Your mother came in the other day and explained your situation - that it's just the two of you at home, and you wanted to help out here. Your father is a soldier, no?

JOJO
Yes, he is fighting with the 10th Army in Italy. And he makes desserts.

KLENZENDORF
And you have a sister.

JOJO
Inga. She's dead.

KLENZENDORF
I'm sorry to hear that. Well, it would seem you are the man of the house so we'll have to keep you busy.

A beat - not sure what to do next, everyone stares at Jojo.

KLENZENDORF (CONT'D)
Ideas guys? Come on!

FRAULEIN RAHM
Well, I guess you could hand out some of this propaganda.

She indicates a large pile of pamphlets.

FINKEL
And deliver these conscripts. Conscriptions. Conscripticons?

JOJO
Conscriptions. I don't suppose I could have one of those could I? I'm actually feeling quite fit.

KLENZENDORF
Maybe later Jojo, you're still on the mend. For now you can start small. Conscripts and propaganda.

JOJO
As you wish. I will execute my orders with precision and strength, like a precise... boulder.

Beat.

FRAULEIN RAHM
Just deliver the stuff , kid.

JOJO
Ja wohl!

He turns on his heels and is OUT.

EXT. TOWN - STREET - DAY

Jojo pins up some posters of HITLER in a stoic pose, looking off into the distance. Below him is the propaganda slogan:

ONE PEOPLE, ONE EMPIRE, ONE LEADER

Jojo smiles at this image of the mighty Führer. He gives a happy “Heil Hitler” to people who pass by, but we get the feeling the public are losing enthusiasm in their salutes.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - FLORIDSDORFER SPITZ - DAY

Jojo jauntily walks through a large town square where he sees a number of locals grouped near some trees. He gets closer and sees they are gathered before a make-shift GALLOWS. About FIVE BODIES, men and women hang from the GALLOWS while onlookers stare or take photos.

There are signs around their necks but we don’t see what is written on them. Jojo moves on, taking occasional glimpses back.

I/E. GRUSCH GROCERY - DAY

He reaches a small GROCERY STORE. He enters and approaches the quiet and sad-eyed Herr Grusch.

JOJO
Heil Hitler, Herr Grusch.

HERR GRUSCH
(seeing Jojo’s injuries)
What happened to you?

JOJO
Wounded in service of my country. Probably get a medal. I have here a conscription notice for your son. Wait, is his name Klaus?

Herr Grusch sighs.

HERR GRUSCH
Yes, it is, but he already joined.

JOJO
Where is he?

The old man points upwards.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm sorry. The Führer would be proud.

HERR GRUSCH
That's comforting. Klaus is my name.

JOJO
But you're all... old.

HERR GRUSCH
They're recruiting veterans of the Great War now. There are no more young people left. This whole thing is becoming very flimsy. I don't know how to operate a flame-thrower or anti-tank gun.

He throws his conscription down. Jojo gets stern.

JOJO
You are more able than I Herr Grusch. Everyone must do their part and that includes you.
(beat)
Heil Hitler!

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Jojo arrives home.

JOJO
Mama! I'm home.

He drops his satchel and heads for the kitchen.

JOJO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Maaaama, Field Marshall Jojo is home.

He returns.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Mama Lion?

We hear a noise from upstairs. A small THUD. Jojo looks up.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jojo slowly makes his way down the upstairs hall, looking in rooms. He moves towards his sister's room. He takes a moment before stepping into the room and wandering around. He looks at a photo of INGA, she is beautiful. He smiles and puts it down, and then...

BANG!

The door slams shut. Jojo stands. He turns to see the window is open, the drapes blowing. He breathes a small sigh of relief, sits on the bed. He examines an array of Inga's things on the dresser in front of him, RIBBONS, DRAWINGS, PINS and MINIATURES. He then inspects himself in the DRESSER MIRROR. He doesn't like his face. THEN, in the background of the reflection, he notices the opposite wall.

Jojo is at the wall now, it is bare. On the ground sits a picture in a frame. He picks it up and is about to re-hang it when HE SEES IT. The wall is scratched, there is a thin cut in the wallpaper that measures from his shoulder to the ground.

He traces the line of the cut and sees that it moves at right angles. It is a DOOR. The hook it would hang on is also used as a handle to pull the door open.

Jojo takes his trusty DJ KNIFE and pries the door out a little, at the same time holding the hook and pulling the door OPEN. The light from the opposite window doesn't illuminate everything but it does cast a wide beam into the darkness. As Jojo's eyes momentarily adjust he begins making out objects. At first it's only BOOKS.

JOJO
The bad books. It's not allowed.

Then he sees a candle, bedding, a plate, a fork, a PALE, LONG HAIRED CREATURE hunched in the corner, its face partially hidden beneath dishevelled long black hair, dark eyes staring back.

Jojo jumps at the sight and backs away, tripping on the rug and stumbling to the opposite wall which he bumps into DROPPING HIS KNIFE on the ground.

He stays still, frozen in fear, watching. He can only see the darkness of the secret room now, that being hidden from view. Footsteps. Slowly, with listless energy and no real purpose, a pale skinny little girl emerges from the darkness. This is ELSA KORR (16)

She stops at the doorway, and casually leans her thin arm, against the frame. She wears a simple knee-length dress, brown and dirty, and has bare feet.

ELSA
You come to kill me, little boy?

JOJO
I...

LEAVING HIS KNIFE, Jojo bolts as fast as he can, down the hall, down the stairs. He stops in the bottom hall and turns, listening.

ELSA (O.S.)
Little boyyyyyyyy...

STOMP. STOMP. STOMP. Footsteps on the stairs get louder. Eventually Elsa rounds the corner and sits on the top stair, they have distance between them.

JOJO
What do you want? Are you a ghost?

She splays her arms out like a ghoul.

ELSA
(smiling, spooking him)
Yessss... a ghost.

JOJO
Oh no! Get out of my house!

ELSA
(normal)
Johannes, that’s no way to treat a ghost.

JOJO
Why do you live in the wall?!

ELSA
Where else should a ghost live?

He runs towards the front door but is too slow. Elsa jumps from her position and bounding like a cat she reaches him as he gets to the front door. She grabs him by the scruff of the neck and slams him into the wall, breathing heavily from the effort.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Don't make me run kid, I'm far too hungry and you know how much we love the taste of blood.

Jojo is petrified, breathing heavily too. She gets in close, brandishing his DJ Knife. She holds it to his face.

ELSA (CONT'D)
I'm not a ghost Johannes, I'm something worse. But I think you already know that, don't you? You know what I am.

JOJO
No.

ELSA
Yes. Say it.

JOJO
(he gulps, futile)
Jew.

Jojo checks his sheath for his DJ KNIFE but its empty. Elsa reveals the knife in her hand.

ELSA
Lose something?

JOJO
You can't be here.

ELSA
Well your mother invited me so I suppose that makes me her guest.

JOJO
No. It's not allowed.

ELSA
What will you do sweet Hitlerchen?

Silence. Jojo's eyes dart towards the door, and then the telephone.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Of course. Go on then, tell them. But you know what happens if you do? I'll say you helped me, and your mother too. Then we'll all be kaput. And if you tell her you know about me... just one word...
(raising the knife to his neck)
(MORE)

ELSA (CONT'D)
I'll do the world a great big favour and CUT YOUR NAZI HEAD OFF. Got it?

She releases him and backs away still holding the knife.

ELSA (CONT'D)
I think I'll hold onto this. It's pretty.

She wanders back up the stairs leaving Jojo in shock.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - JOJO'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jojo sits on his bed, petrified.

ADOLF (O.S.)
Sheesh, that was intense. You're definitely in a pickle.

Adolf is sitting next to him.

JOJO
What am I gonna do??

ADOLF
Honestly, NO idea. How the hell did she get control like that?

JOJO
She used her powers I guess. Mind control.

ADOLF
Is that a real thing?
(off Jojo's nod)
I really should know about that. Did you see how fast she moved? And now she's got your fancy knife.

JOJO
I know! My knife!

Adolf lights a smoke, offers one to Jojo. He waves it away. Adolf looks worried, he takes a drag and snaps his fingers.

ADOLF
Got it. Burn the house down.

JOJO
You think?

ADOLF
It's the only way.

JOJO
I might get in trouble.

ADOLF
Good point.
(snaps his fingers again)
I'll go to the kitchen and look for more knives.

He leaves.

JOJO
Ok think Jojo, THINK!

ADOLF (O.S.)
Jojo, I can't open the drawer.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jojo is finding battle equipment round the kitchen. He tests out a rubbish can lid as a shield.

Adolf is struggling to open the knife drawer. Jojo comes over, opens the drawer and pulls out a sharp knife, closes the drawer. Adolf tries the drawer again but can't open it.

ADOLF
How did you...

JOJO
This is my family home. I have to negotiate.

ADOLF
Good! Negotiate. But remember, <u>don't mention the war</u>.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

From Inga's room we see an empty hallway. We hear clattering and the slow clunking sound of footsteps getting closer.

Jojo comes into view wearing various household objects as ARMOUR; A CHEESE-GRATER protects his forearm and a CAST-IRON POT sits on his head. In one hand he now holds a KITCHEN KNIFE. He speaks to the wall Elsa lives behind.

JOJO
Excuse me? Hello? Little girl? Um, Jew girl in the wall?
(beat)
Yoohoo, Jew?
(MORE)

JOJO (CONT'D)
(silence)
Ok well, I'll just say what I have to say. I don't think it's very convenient for you to be in my house and I'm not happy that my mother let you stay here. I'm sure she has her reasons but it really can't go on. Now, I'm aware you have my knife. I can't say I'm comfortable with that because it's a Nazi knife and... anyway, I just want you to know I'd like it back. I'm not scared of you and I think you should find somewhere else to live. You have until tomorrow to leave, then everyone will be happy.
(beat)
Ok?

From behind, in his ear...

ELSA (O.S.)
Not okay.

Jojo spins to see Elsa standing directly behind him, holding his knife, a wry smile on her face. She kicks him hard against his rubbish can shield. He flies back, hitting the wall and collapsing in a heap. Elsa picks up the KITCHEN KNIFE, flips it in her hand.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Get the hell out of my room.

JOJO
Argh!!!

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - JOJO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Back in his bedroom, the door firmly shut.

ADOLF
Great, now she's got TWO knives!

JOJO
I know!

ADOLF
How are you going to chop up stuff?!

JOJO
I don't know!

ADOLF
And she's still up there! That thing. That...

JOJO
Jew.

ADOLF
Jew yeah. What do we do about it.

JOJO
You think of something!

ADOLF
Oh, now *I'm* the expert?

Hitler lights another cigarette, offers it to Jojo.

JOJO
I don't smoke! Stop offering me damn cigarettes! I'm TEN!

ADOLF
Sorry, this is stressful!

They start pacing, thinking, pacing, thinking... Hitler produces a CAN OF GASOLINE and some MATCHES. Jojo waves it away. They pace and think some more... As Jojo paces back he turns to see Hitler has made a giant MOUSETRAP CONTRAPTION. He gestures "What about this?" Jojo shrugs, "Maybe"... and paces some more.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
Okay, let's talk like turkeys. I guess you can't tell your mother or the Jew will cut off your Nazi head. No real way around that right now. But y'know, there's no reason this thing in the attic needs to ruin your life. You could actually use it to your advantage.

JOJO
How?

ADOLF
Well, when someone tries to use mind-powers on me, you know what I do? Use mind powers back on them.

Jojo perks up.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
Remember last year when that one-armed pirate, Von Stauffenberg, tried to blow me up with a bomb?

JOJO
Yeah, but you survived.

ADOLF
Correct-a-mundo. But the only reason I survived, apart from having bomb-proof legs, is because I outwitted old Von Stauffy. I let him think I was dead when in actual fact I was fine. By pretending I was dead I drew out all the traitors. So, what are you going to do?

JOJO
Pretend I'm dead?

ADOLF
Exactly. Wait. No. I think what I mean is this: Make her feel safe and she will drop her guard and then you will be the one in control.

JOJO
Reverse Psychology.

ADOLF
Don't complicate things. Just use my backwards mind power trick on her and you'll be fine.
(checks his watch)
I gotta go. Good luck and remember the old saying: a Jew living in your wall is better than a two Jews flying around with their bat wings, climbing down chimneys and eating innocent Nazis.

He climbs out the window.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
And don't give her any more KNIVES!

He winks and is gone. Out on Jojo's worried face.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jojo sits in the living room, a look of utter fear and confusion covers his face. The house is silent save for the ticking of a clock.

INT. JOJO’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Jojo stands in the kitchen holding a piece of bread in his hand, still staring into space. A tap drips to the same rhythm of the clock.

EXT. JOJO’S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Jojo waits on the steps of his house. The sound of dripping is replaced by a man walking down the street in hard shoes. Across the road a neighbour peers through their curtain.

INT. JOJO’S HOUSE - FRAU BETLZER’S ROOM - EVENING

Jojo sits in his mother’s room on the bed. The house is silent save for the ticking of Jojo’s watch.

We hear a car pull up, the door close, footsteps. Frau Betzler enters the house. Jojo runs to meet her...

INT. JOJO’S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

He meets his mother at the front door.

JOJO
Mama!

FRAU BETZLER
Darling, darling, why are you still up? Did you eat?

JOJO
It’s 10 o’clock, where have you been?!

FRAU BETZLER
I was just taking a long walk and having a think. Sorry, I lost track of time.

JOJO
Mama you should be careful. They frown upon the sneaky and people who think.

FRAU BETZLER
Sneaky?! You goose. I promise things will be back to normal soon. Trust me. How was your day? Did you get some helpful work done?

Frau Betzler notices one of Jojo’s laces are untied again.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
(crouching to tie them)
Oh, your laces, you really must--

JOJO
I heard her.

FRAU BETZLER
(jumping)
What? Who?

Jojo keeps watching, trying to work her out.

JOJO
(pointing upstairs)
Inga. Her ghost.

FRAU BETZLER
(laughing)
Oh for Heaven's sake what are you talking about?

JOJO
Noises.

FRAU BETZLER
Oh come on, you mean the RATS?! We have rats in the attic and yes, I've heard them too. Honestly, ghosts?! Actually, I've been meaning to say; you probably shouldn't go up there till I've caught them all, they have diseases and I don't need you getting sick. Okay?
(beat)
Okay?

Jojo nods.

JOJO
Okay mama.

FRAU BETZLER
Now, I left my favourite scarf in a dream, could you be a darling and go get it for me?

JOJO
Huh?

FRAU BETZLER
Bedtime!

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - JOJO'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frau Betzler tucks Jojo into bed.

JOJO
Mama, do you miss papa?

FRAU BETZLER
Like the sun misses the moon.

JOJO
And you miss Inga.

FRAU BETZLER
Like the moon misses the sun.

JOJO
Are you going to bed now?

FRAU BETZLER
Of course. I need to tidy up some things first. Then I will.

JOJO
What things?

FRAU BETZLER
Mama things. Boy, you really have to trust me, I'm the boss here.

A beautiful smile appears across her face, she WINKS. Jojo tries a return wink but can't.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
Like this.

She demonstrates and winks again, Jojo attempts a return wink but isn't getting it.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
Yeah, but with just <u>one</u> eye. You can do it.

They continue this hopeful exchange a few more times. She eventually keeps one of his eyes open with her finger. He blinks his other eye.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
There you go! You got it! Now go get my scarf, will ya? I left it by a rainbow.

She kisses him good-night and turns out the light.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A match is struck and a candle lit. As our eyes adjust to the flickering light we can make out Elsa sitting in the darkness. We then follow the match to find Frau Betzler. She produces bread, some pickle and a slice of cheese. Elsa begins gobbling it down.

FRAU BETZLER
You have to be more quiet. He heard noises up here. He can't know. If he does it's the end of you. We'll all be in trouble. You'll have to leave and I don't know where to send you.

ELSA
You could reason with him.

FRAU BETZLER
I love my son but he's on the wrong side. I'm not sure I can bring him onto ours.

ELSA
It might be alright.

FRAU BETZLER
You don't know him. He's a fanatic.

ELSA
How can you stand it?

FRAU BETZLER
It's a hard thing to be a woman, an even harder thing to be a mother. But even harder is to be the mother of a monster. So how do you love a son like this? You have no choice. You know he is still in there somewhere, the little boy who loves to dance and runs to you because he's scared of thunder. And that is all you have left, belief, hope that your only remaining child is not just another ghost.

ELSA
Perhaps we're all ghosts now but we just don't know it.

FRAU BETZLER
Perhaps. You've lived more lifetimes than most.

ELSA
I haven't lived at all. And if this is living, this hole in the wall and this... darkness, then what will death be like?

FRAU BETZLER
The final escape. But that's the easy way out. You're being challenged; they say you can't live, that you won't live. If that comes true then they win.

ELSA
They've been winning so far.

FRAU BETZLER
They'll never win. That is the power you have - as long as there is someone hiding somewhere, breathing, then they lose. They didn't get you yesterday, or today. Make tomorrow the same.

She strokes Elsa's shoulder.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
Tomorrow must be the same.

INT. REHABILITATION CENTRE - DAY

Jojo swims in a pool with various other wounded men. Jojo is helped by an older woman, HELGA. She stretches his arms.

HELGA
Yes, stretch, you must stretch. Now squeeze my hand. Squeeze!

A man swims past. He has no arms. Another man has no limbs, another no face at all. Adolf appears, and swimming past the maimed men, turns to Jojo with a grossed out expression on his face.

FRAU BETZLER (O.S.)
Jojo.

Hitler quickly disappears beneath the water. At the side of the pool Frau Betzler is putting on her jacket.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
I'll see you at home, ok?

Jojo nods and as she leaves Adolf slowly rises back out of the water, drenched, scowling distrustfully.

INT. REICHSJUGENDAMT - DAY

Jojo collects the small pile of CONSCRIPTIONS for the day and approaches Herr Klenzendorf's office. He enters and we find Klenzendorf drawing pictures of FANTASY GUNS. Finkel sits at a smaller table playing with PINK TRIANGLE PATCHES. He holds them together like a sash and holds them across his chest, smiling at his pink fashion creation.

JOJO
Excuse me, Herr Klenzendorf.

Finkel drops the pink patches.

KLENZENDORF
Ahh, Jojo. What do you think of this drawing? It's a type of Gattling Gun. It is also mounted with a radio which emits annoying music to deflect the enemy. I was thinking Pachelbel.

JOJO
Do you do any actual real work?

KLENZENDORF
Nope. However, now and then I help out the Grey Goons.

JOJO
Who?

KLENZENDORF
Gestapo. They are low on numbers so sometimes they make me help them with their investigations.

JOJO
Ah, that must be exciting, solving crimes and finding people.

KLENZENDORF
Honestly, they couldn't find arse in a shit factory, but if you're looking for someone they're your best bet. It's actually quite boring but at least I get out of this office and away from the young fanatics. My true place is at the front. I'm a soldier, not a baby-sitter.

Jojo sits, time for business.

JOJO
Can I ask you about Jews?

KLENZENDORF
Oh God, why?

JOJO
I’m curious. What happens if I see one?

KLENZENDORF
Hide the end of your penis!

He collapses into laughter. Finkel joins in, wobbling on his seat like a giggling jello. Klenzendorf encourages him by miming a CIRCUMCISION. Fraulein Rahm chuckles away in the corner.

KLENZENDORF (CONT’D)
Ha! Oh boy, I needed that.

FINKEL
Oh yes, me too.

KLENZENDORF
Ok, so in reality if you see a Jew you tell us and then we tell the Gestapo and they tell the SS and then they go and kill the Jew. And anyone who helped the Jew. And, because these are very paranoid times, probably some other people just in case. It’s a pretty drawn out process.

Jojo gulps.

JOJO
Even if the Jew hypnotised someone to make them hide the Jew in the first place?

KLENZENDORF
Err, yep. Though I’d be amazed if that could happen.

FRAULEIN RAHM
(solemn)
It can. It happened to my uncle.

KLENZENDORF
Did you see one, Jojo?

JOJO
Nope. I’m not sure I’d be able to tell if I did.

KLENZENDORF
Me neither. Without their funny hats it's damn near impossible. Someone should write a book on the subject. It'd be a hit.

This sparks an idea.

JOJO
I have to go deliver these conscriptions.

KLENZENDORF
Yes, good man. And watch your willy out there.

He mimes a pair of scissors 'SNIP SNIP' and collapses into a fit of laughter again, joined by the over-exuberant Finkel.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jojo stands in his sister's room, while Elsa sits in the doorway to her hideout. She still has the knife and digs it into the floor.

JOJO
Ok, here's the situation. If I tell on you, you'll be in big trouble and I don't think you want that. But then you'll tell on me and my mother and we'll be in trouble which I don't want. And if you tell my mother I know, then she'll kick you out, which you don't want. And if I tell my mother I know, then you'll cut off my head, which I also don't want.

ELSA
A stalemate.

JOJO
Indeed. So, we must make a compromise. I have thought deeply about this and I now conclude that it's better to have you locked up in the house rather than letting you run around town causing Jew havoc.

ELSA
I see.

JOJO
However, I have some conditions for allowing you to stay here in my house.

ELSA
Conditions?

JOJO
Yes. I will not cause any trouble for you if you promise to tell me everything about the Jewish race.

ELSA
Ok. We're like you but human. Done.

JOJO
Please take this seriously. I want to know all your secrets, how you shape-shift, what you eat, how to tell a Jew from a real person and, where you build your hives. Think of it as an exposé.

ELSA
An exposé.

JOJO
On Jews, yes. I will deliver my findings to the authorities and hopefully get a medal or promotion of some sort.

ELSA
Wow.

JOJO
What? I think that's quite reasonable.

ELSA
Are you an idiot? Why do you want this?

JOJO
Because I'm interested, that's all.

ELSA
There are already Jew hunters.

Elsa stands and enters Inga's room. Jojo keeps his distance.

JOJO
Well they're not doing their best are they? You've been here at least a month.

ELSA
Three.

JOJO
Three??

ELSA
You were asleep for two of them.

Elsa sits on Inga’s bed.

JOJO
Kindly refrain from sitting on my sister’s bed.

ELSA
Why? She doesn’t need it.

JOJO
You know nothing of my sister.

ELSA
I probably know more than you. You don’t remember do you? Inga and I were friends. I took violin lessons with her when we were 10. We practiced in this very room, on this very bed.

JOJO
You are not to talk of her.

ELSA
I remember you too. Such a funny boy, always trying to get in here and play. Who knew you’d grow into such a shit.

JOJO
Enough with the small talk. Start telling me about your kind. I’m interested especially in how you can turn into animals and what your real skin looks like.
(beat)
And the horns.

Elsa stands. She walks to the window, peeks out.

ELSA
The neighbours are suspicious. They always watch the house.

JOJO
Then get away from the window.

ELSA
The world is paranoid isn't it? Everyone watching each other, informing on each other.

JOJO
You're really not telling me anything useful. Now, there are some things I already know, like the fact that you, Jews, love ugliness. You don't appreciate pretty things like... flowers or butterflies.

ELSA
Where did you hear that?

JOJO
School.

ELSA
You like butterflies?

JOJO
They're okay. Guns are better. What things do you like?

Elsa laughs and moves away from the window.

ELSA
Ok. Obviously we are demons who love money, right?

JOJO
Obviously. Everyone knows that.

ELSA
But what people don't know is that we are also allergic to food.

JOJO
What?

ELSA
Cheese, bread and meat. Those things will kill us instantly. So if you're thinking of ending my life, feeding me those things is the fastest way. Also biscuits. Lethal.

Jojo writes this down, stops. He gets it.

JOJO
Very funny.

ELSA
I'm going back in my cave, the sunlight weakens me.

She goes into her hideout and closes the door behind her. Jojo sits there, not sure how else to proceed.

JOJO
Ok, that's enough for today. We'll continue tomorrow. Okay?
(beat)
Okay?

ELSA (O.S.)
(From the wall)
Piss off.

Jojo packs his book away and leaves.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jojo waits patiently in the living room.

ADOLF (O.S.)
She's pretty rude, y'know.

Adolf stands in the doorway dressed as a Native American, complete with leather tunic and feather head-dress. He also smokes a long peace-pipe which he offers to Jojo.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
That's just my 2 pfennige.

JOJO
She doesn't want to talk to me. This book is going to be harder to write than I thought.

ADOLF
Do you want to play Cowboys and Indians? It might help take your mind off the Jew in the attic thing.

Suddenly we hear the front door open and Frau Betzler bursting in, flustered. She closes the door loudly and in a loud voice:

FRAU BETZLER (O.S.)
Hallo, I'm home!

Hitler scurries around the room in a panic looking for somewhere to hide and finding nothing, hugs the wall.

JOJO
(whispering)
She can't see you.

ADOLF
(whispering)
I know. I'm blending with my surroundings.

He's frozen in a pose that doesn't blend in to his surroundings.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
(whispering)
It also helps if I can't see her.

He closes his eyes tightly. Frau Betzler enters.

FRAU BETZLER
Hello my darling!

She quickly scoots to the window and looks out to the street, muttering to herself.

JOJO
Where have you been? It's 6 o'clock and I've had a hell of a day.

FRAU BETZLER
Sorry, my love. I was at the library.

JOJO
We can't eat books!

FRAU BETZLER
How do you know? Have you even tried? I'll have you know that Faust is a delightful appetizer among the literati. Don't limit yourself, kid.
(beat)
Come now Jojo. I'm still a mama Lion you know. And mama Lions are the best hunters in the pride. Abracadabra...

She reveals a 1/2 LOAF OF BREAD, some CHEESE and a small bag of VEGETABLES.

JOJO
Where did you get that?

FRAU BETZLER
Who's asking?

JOJO
Me! Where is it from?

FRAU BETZLER
God, What are you, the food police? Give a girl a break. These are tough times and I got us food -- end of discussion!

JOJO
Who was out the window?

FRAU BETZLER
Himmler. He's cleaning the yard and I'm making sure he doesn't slack on the job.

She laughs hysterically and moves off to the kitchen. Adolf exhales and opens his eyes.

ADOLF
Phew.

Jojo goes to the window. Outside, a car drives slowly past the house. It resumes a normal speed and disappears into the night. Adolf also looks out the window.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
Well, I guess Cowboys and Indians is off the cards. I may as well go home and have dinner too.
(then)
She lied by the way. Himmler's not out there.

Adolf leaves.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jojo sits at the table while Frau Betzler places a large pot in the middle of the table next to a loaf of bread. She ladles hot stew into the plates and sighs contentedly.

JOJO
Why so cheerful?

FRAU BETZLER
Oh, I heard some good news that's all.

JOJO
What news?

FRAU BETZLER
Things are changing. The Allies have nearly taken Italy. The war will soon be over.

JOJO
God Dammit.

FRAU BETZLER
Jojo, language.

JOJO
The war will soon end but it will be the Reich who stands tall and proud. We will crush the Roast Beef Englishmen like I am crushing this piece of bread.

He tries to squeeze the bread but is too weak.

JOJO (CONT'D)
And we'll also crush America, and Canada, and... who else.

FRAU BETZLER
India?

JOJO
Yes, India. And when they are all destroyed we shall use their graves as toile--

FRAU BETZLER
Ok! Can we eat now?!
(composes herself)
No more politics. The dinner table is neutral ground, it's Switzerland.

She breaks the bread for him.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
Would you like to say Grace?

JOJO
God in Heaven, please watch over our beloved Germany, the great Third Reich, and our father Adolf Hitler who is the bestest--

FRAU BETZLER
AMEN! Let's eat.

She begins eating.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

They are finishing their meals. Frau Betzler is clearing the table.

JOJO
Is papa really coming home?

FRAU BETZLER
Of course.

JOJO
What if he doesn't?

FRAU BETZLER
What nonsense, of course he's coming home. And the whole family will be together again.

Frau Betzler scrapes leftovers onto a plate. Jojo watches this.

JOJO
Except her.

Beat. She stops scraping. Jojo looks at her.

FRAU BETZLER
Who?

JOJO
Inga.

FRAU BETZLER
No. But of course she will be with us... in our hearts.

JOJO
I miss her.

She smiles sadly and finishes clearing.

JOJO (CONT'D)
But maybe we should get rid of her stuff and use the room for something else.

FRAU BETZLER
Hm. Yes, maybe when your father comes home he can use it for a study.

JOJO
Perhaps.

FRAU BETZLER
Are you done? May I take your plate?

JOJO
No. I'm going to eat everything like a good little boy. I'll even eat *your* leftovers if you don't mind.

He smiles and eats everything on his plate.

SFX: BOMBING RAID SIRENS...

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jojo sits in a chair opposite Elsa as BOMBS are dropped on the city in the distance. They speak in hushed tones.

JOJO
Now, I want you to draw a picture of where Jews live. A typical hive; where you all sleep, eat and where the Queen Jew lays the eggs.

ELSA
You really are an idiot.

Elsa takes his pen and paper and starts drawing.

JOJO
Tell me about your family.

ELSA
I'll tell you about Jews but you are not privileged to know about my family.

JOJO
I need background.

ELSA
Ask them yourself.

JOJO
Where are they?

ELSA
(shrugging, pointing)
Behind the wall, counting their gold.

JOJO
I don't have time for this.

ELSA
I do. I have all the time in the world.

JOJO
I wouldn't be so sure of that.

ELSA
Let me ask *you* something. Why are you hanging around with me? Don't you have any friends?

JOJO
Of course. Many

ELSA
Who?

JOJO
Yorki.

ELSA
“Yorki”.

JOJO
Amongst others.

ELSA
Pff...

JOJO
You don’t have any.

ELSA
I have Nathan.

JOJO
Who the hell is that?

ELSA
My fiancée. I have him.

JOJO
A Jew too I suppose.

ELSA
Yes, a very strong one.

JOJO
Where is he?

ELSA
Where he is needed, fighting in the resistance.

She holds out a LOCKET with TWO PHOTOS inside. One is a pretty picture of Elsa, the other of a handsome young man, NATHAN.

JOJO
Eurgh, ugly. You deserve each other.

ELSA
Yes, we do.

She stares longingly at the photo. Jojo notices, he shifts uncomfortably.

ELSA (CONT'D)
He proposed to me on the banks of the Fluss. By Jaegerplatz. He knelt down like a proper gentleman, recited a poem by Rilke, and when I said 'yes' we danced into the night.

JOJO
Snore. Who's Rilke?

ELSA
A great Austrian Poet, Nathan's favourite.

JOJO
(childish)
Oooooh, Naaaathan's favourite. I think you mean German by the way.

ELSA
Austrian. Anyway, shut up. Nathan's coming, he'll rescue me and then we'll go live in Paris.

JOJO
Errr, News-Flash; we occupy Paris.

ELSA
Not for long. Your mother said it's about to fall.

JOJO
Ugh, what would she know?

ELSA
More than you think. You hear those bombs? They are landing on your precious Reich. It's said that Germany will fall within a year. Then I will be free. I will leave this place and this town, find Nathan and start a new life, and never look back.

JOJO
You would turn your back on Germany forever.

ELSA
It turned on me first.

JOJO
Yeah well we don't need you. You and your stupid boyfriend can shut up and go live in dumb...
(MORE)

JOJO (CONT'D)
Cheese - Snail - Baguette - Land.
Good luck to you.

ELSA
Now, now, just because you don't have a girlfriend.

JOJO
Pah! I'm too busy for girlfriends.

ELSA
One day you'll make time.

He rolls his eyes.

ELSA (CONT'D)
You'll think of nothing else. You'll meet a girl and spend your days dreaming of the moment you can hold her in your arms again. And she'll think the same of you. That's love.

Jojo takes a moment, under her spell. He breaks out of it.

JOJO
Ridiculous.
(smiling)
Sorry there wasn't enough food tonight.

ELSA
Your mother managed to find some bread. She is kind. She thought you suspected something but I told her you weren't smart enough.

JOJO
I'm glad you're so friendly with her.

ELSA
She treats me like a person.

JOJO
But you're not. Not a proper person.

She looks him up and down.

ELSA
Are *you*?

JOJO
How dare you, Jew. You are weak like... an eyelash. I am born of Aryan ancestry, the strongest race on Earth.
(MORE)

JOJO (CONT'D)
My blood is the colour of a pure red rose and my eyes are blue like sapphires-

Suddenly, Elsa has Jojo in a headlock, twisting his weak arm behind him. He winces in pain.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Ow ow ow ow ow ow...

She covers his mouth, suffocating him.

JOJO (CONT'D)
(muffled, quiet)
Mmmph!

ELSA
Break free.

JOJO
Mmrrmmph.

ELSA
Break free, great Aryan.
(leaning in close)
There are no weak Jews. I am descended from those who wrestle angels and kill giants. We were chosen by God. You were chosen by a pathetic little man who can't even grow a full moustache.

His struggle is useless, he cannot break her grip. She releases him and pushes him onto Inga's bed.

ELSA (CONT'D)
The stronger race, huh?

She tears off the paper and puts it down next to him. Jojo looks at the picture. It is a drawing of him, it's pretty good... underneath she has written the word **IDIOT.**

JOJO
I said to draw where Jews live. This is just a stupid picture of my head.

She pushes her finger into his forehead.

ELSA
That's where we live.

She slinks back into her hideout, closes the wall behind her. Jojo stares at his drawing.

INT. GESTAPO OFFICE - DAY

Jojo enters the local GESTAPO OFFICE, a long line of people wait to file reports and denounce other citizens. Jojo approaches the SECRETARY.

SECRETARY
(then, disinterested)
Are you denouncing a neighbour, political traitor, or informing on friends and family?

She places some forms in front of Jojo.

JOJO
I am looking for someone. I haven't seen them in a while. I was wondering if you had any files on them.

SECRETARY
I'm obviously busy.

She's obviously not.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Why don't you go have a look back there in the file room.
(calling)
Erwin!

She indicates an area filled with a HUGE MESS of files and folders - paper piled high - complete disarray.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
As you can see we're understaffed and inundated with files and reports. These days being an informant has become a national pastime.
(screaming)
ERWIN!!!

A large, pimply guy (20's) ERWIN arrives.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Erwin, take him to the file-room.
(off Erwin's silence)
Now!

Erwin grumbles something and beckons for Jojo to follow. An old local woman now approaches the desk.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Hello. Denouncing a neighbour, political traitor, or informing on friends and family?

OLD LADY
Friends and family.

INT. GESTAPO OFFICE - FILE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jojo searches through a chaotically messy filing system as Erwin scratches at something under his arm. Jojo flicks through folder after folder.

JOJO
Nathan Raame, Nathan Raaaaame, where are you, stupid Nathan, poetry reading dumbhead?

He sits back, NOTHING. Erwin scratches some more.

INT. TOWN - LIBRARY - DAY

Jojo walks down an aisle of the local library. He scans the scant shelves and finds what he was looking for; RILKE: POEMS AND ESSAYS. He pulls it out and secretly stuffs it into his jacket. He turns around and sees Hitler stuffing his own jacket with about 20 books. They spill out, onto the floor.

HITLER
Great thinking, Rabbit. We'll use these books to make a fake floor that she can fall through, straight into some piranhas.
(beat)
Or hot lava-- no, piranhas is good.
(cackling sinisterly)
She won't know what hit her when she starts getting nibbled to death!

EXT. TOWN - LIBRARY - DAY

As he leaves the library Jojo hums softly to himself. Slowly it seems others are joining in his song. He looks around and the sound gets louder. From around a corner, lead by FRAULEIN RAHM, we see a group of "Jungvolk" marching and singing...

JUNGVOLK
We are marching for Hitler through Night and Need, with the flag of the youth, for freedom and bread.
(MORE)

JUNGVOLK (CONT'D)
(then)
We were born to die for Germany!

Jojo moves against the wall and watches them pass. It is glorious - he catches the eye of a couple of the kids. They smirk and look at him with contempt.

FRAULEIN RAHM
Come on everyone, one more time!

They keep singing as Jojo retreats into the shadows.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jojo busily writes a letter on his bed, the Rilke poetry book lies next to him. Hitler lays on the bed next to him, reading a book about CAMELS.

ADOLF
Oh, the humps are actually filled with water. Ridiculous!

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - JOJO'S ROOM - LATER

Jojo and Hitler sit in darkness, listening. We hear footsteps down the hall and then a door closing softly. Hitler makes a military gesture to take action, Jojo moves out into the dark hallway.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Jojo knocks on Elsa's wall-door.

ELSA (O.S.)
Who could it possibly be?

JOJO
It's Johannes Betzler. The little boy who lives downstairs.

ELSA (O.S.)
I knowwwwww...

JOJO
Oh. Well, I have something to tell you. I happened to be doing some important filing today and I came across an old letter from Nathan - your fiancée - addressed to you. It's quite lucky I found it.

ELSA (O.S.)
What the hell are you talking about?

JOJO
A letter from Nathan. Shall I read it?

Pause. Elsa opens the door a little. We see a piece of her face in the thin beam of light. Jojo unfolds a piece of paper.

ELSA
Dear Elsa, this is hard for me to say but I don't want to marry you anymore. I found another woman and we laugh and have good talks. I'm sure there are better people for you anyway. It's like my favourite poet Rilke says:
"We need, in love, to practice only this: letting each other go."
So goodbye and sorry about letting you go. From Nathan, your ex-fiancée.
PS. I am not really in the resistance I was lying. I am unemployed and quite fat now.

Elsa retreats into her room and we hear her begin to cry.

JOJO
Oh. Why are you doing that?

ELSA
Please leave.

Jojo shuffles out of the room as Elsa continues to cry.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jojo is back. He knocks lightly on Elsa's wall.

JOJO
Hi.

He knocks lightly again.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Um, don't open the door but I actually forgot there was a <u>second</u> letter. I forgot I had it. I'll just read it.
(reading)
Dear Elsa. I just wanted to say that I don't want to break up with you now.
(MORE)

JOJO (CONT'D)
I changed my mind because I don't want you to kill yourself over me which a couple of girls have done in the past and it's pretty stressful.
(beat)
So, let's still get married sometime - even though I truly am unemployed and have nothing much going for me. I don't even know how to tie a knot or read a map. Yours, Nathan.
(then)
No X's or O's I'm afraid but it still seems pretty positive.

A beat. Elsa's door opens to reveal her sitting, staring at Jojo, a peaceful look on her face.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - LATER

CLOSE UP on Jojo, mid-discussion with Elsa.

JOJO
Beethoven.

ELSA
Einstein.

JOJO
Bach.

ELSA
Gerschwin.

JOJO
Brahms.
Mozart.
Wagner.

ELSA
All musicians, is that all you have?!

JOJO
(laughs)
Freud then.

ELSA
Ha! You dare take Freud?!
(waving a finger)
No, no, no, never. He's *ours*.

JOJO
(laughing)
He's German!

ELSA
(laughs)
No Freud for you! Or Proust.

JOJO
Rilke.

ELSA
Oh of course, your favourite, Rilke. Jewish mother.

JOJO
Well, you don't take Goethe.

ELSA
Keep him, we have Kafka.

JOJO
Durer.

ELSA
Pah... Chagall pisses all over Durer.

JOJO
Marlene Dietrich, then.

ELSA
(smiling, clicking her fingers)
Houdini, a magical Jew.

JOJO
Nooooo...

ELSA
Believe it brother. Just ask Pissaro, Modigliani, Man Ray, Gertrude Stein, Mr. Moses and the king of them all, Jesus Christi, Amen.

JOJO
You're just saying any old name now. I've never heard of these people and now I'm fed up. Good night.

He stands and leaves the room. We stay with Elsa, after a while...

ELSA
Night.

EXT. FOOD RATION STORE - DAY

Frau Betzler stands in line to receive her food allowance. She hands three RATION CARDS to the STOREMAN.

STOREMAN
Three? I remember you only used two in the past.

FRAU BETZLER
Ah, yes, but I have developed a more efficient system. I now use 3 ration cards, taking enough for 2 to eat, but then we take twice as long to eat it, you see? 3 for 2, which makes 6. But here's where it gets interesting; you take the original number, times it by 3, carry the 7, subtract 2, then add back the 2 because secretly you need it, then divide the whole thing by the potatoes.
(smiling)
Simple, no?

The Storeman looks puzzled and a couple of other people in line watch the exchange suspiciously. Jojo helps his mother with the shopping and they leave.

EXT. TOWN - RIVER - EVENING

Jojo and his mother sit with some locals on the banks of the river as a small, pathetic parade of RETURNED SOLDIERS go by. Adolf sits in a tree, cheering and waving a little flag. Frau Betzler looks to the sky.

FRAU BETZLER
Once there were fireworks. To celebrate them coming home. Now the sky is empty.

Jojo sees GUDRUN, the girl from Hitlerjugend camp. They make eye contact, he smiles but her face turns away in disgust.

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
At least it's still romantic down here. Lovers used to walk these banks, they'd sing, dance. But now...

JOJO
There is no time for romance, we are at war.

FRAU BETZLER
There is always time for romance Jojo. One day you will meet someone special.

JOJO
Why does everyone keep telling me that?

FRAU BETZLER
Who else tells you?

JOJO
Everyone. Anyway, it's a stupid idea.

FRAU BETZLER
You're stupid. Love is the strongest thing in the world.

JOJO
I think you'll find that metal is the strongest thing in the world, followed closely by dynamite and then muscles.
(beat)
Besides, I wouldn't even know it if I saw it.

FRAU BETZLER
Love?

JOJO
Yes. I suppose it smells like soap.

FRAU BETZLER
Oh surprise surprise, your shoelaces undone. <u>Again</u>.
(putting on a voice)
"I'm Jojo and I don't know how to tie my shoelaces even though I'm 10".
(she ties his laces)
No Jojo. Love has no smell. It has no shape and it has no sound.

JOJO
Well then how would anyone know? It can't exist.

FRAU BETZLER
You'll know it when it happens. You'll feel it. A pain.

JOJO
In my arse I bet.

FRAU BETZLER
Nope, in your tummy. And your heart. Like butterflies. It's like you're full of butterflies.

JOJO
Yuck.

FRAU BETZLER
Yeah, yuck. Come on Shitler, let’s get a move on.

She stands. Jojo gets to his feet but trips. His shoelaces are tied together.

JOJO
Wha??

FRAU BETZLER
Haha! Oh kid, get your act together, shake a leg will ya? Don’t you know how to walk properly?

She helps him to his feet and pushes him along, he falls again, laughing.

JOJO
Stop it!

FRAU BETZLER
What’s wrong Jojo? Get it together, man. I’m worried about you, are you drunk?
(to a passer-by)
Excuse me, can you help? My child is drunk.

JOJO
(laughing)
Don’t believe her!

FRAU BETZLER
“I’m Jojo and I shouldn’t trust pretty ladies to tie my shoelaces...”

He gets up and tries to chase her. They play like this, him tripping over, trying to catch his mother, as locals watch.

EXT. TOWN - STREET - LATER

His shoelaces now properly tied, Jojo and his mother continue walking. Frau Betzler notices other children staring, laughing and pointing at Jojo behind his back. She turns and gives them a ghostly ‘BOO!’ They scatter in fright. Jojo smiles but is embarrassed.

FRAU BETZLER
Hey Jojo?

JOJO
Yes, Rosie?

FRAU BETZLER
Promise me one thing will you? When this is all over and the world is normal, try to be a normal kid again?

JOJO
I don't know what you're talking about.

FRAU BETZLER
You're growing up too fast. A ten year old shouldn't be celebrating war or talking politics. You should be having fun, climbing trees and then falling out of those trees.

JOJO
But I must love war. Our father says when we win, it is us young boys who will rule the world.

FRAU BETZLER
The Reich is dying. There will be nothing to rule. Your beloved angry man is losing. Besides, you already have a father.

JOJO
And where is he? Winning the war?

FRAU BETZLER
He is more of a man than any of your heroes-- Oh God...

She stops suddenly. PAINTED in WHITE across their front door we see:

O 5

Jojo is puzzled. Frau Betzler gasps. Some neighbours are watching from their windows.

JOJO
Huh? That's not our address.

FRAU BETZLER
(to the neighbours)
Fascinating isn't it?! Oh so interesting!

The neighbours close the curtains as she storms inside.

EXT. JOJO'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Jojo and his mother scrub the door with brushes and water. The paint is slow to come off.

JOJO
What does it mean, mama?

FRAU BETZLER
Oh, nothing darling. Those damned neighbourhood kids playing pranks! It's probably some sort of dumb joke!

JOJO
O-5...?

FRAU BETZLER
It's probably their age. Ha!

She laughs and continues to scrub.

JOJO
It's probably their I.Q.

FRAU BETZLER
Exactly!

Jojo watches her scrub, as do the neighbours. She looks back and WINKS at Jojo, although this time she seems genuinely rattled.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - ELSA'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Jojo sits on Inga's bed, lost in thought. Elsa sits nearby. Jojo sighs.

ELSA
What's wrong?

JOJO
I'm just distracted. There's a gang of 5 year-old vandals running around the neighbourhood.

ELSA
I heard people near the house earlier.

JOJO
That's them. Degenerate toddlers harassing innocent people. I'm worried about my mother.

He takes a seat.

JOJO (CONT'D)
No news from Nathan today I'm afraid. He's probably doing something *amazing* like reading a book or growing a beard.

She smiles.

ELSA
You want me to tell you about the Jews?
(off his look)
Get comfortable.
(beat)
In the beginning we used to live in caves, deep, deep in the centre of the Earth.

JOJO
Wait.

Jojo takes a pen and starts writing furiously in his book.

ELSA
Scary places full of strange and wonderful creatures all with one thing in common...

JOJO
(nodding, knowingly)
Stealing the ends of penises.

ELSA
(laughing)
No you idiot. A love of art.

JOJO
No cutting penises off?

ELSA
You want the story or not?

JOJO
You may continue. But I know it's true, the penis thing. Rabbis use them for earplugs.

ELSA
Aaaand moving on. So, after many years of developing magic and spells, we slowly moved out of the caves and into the towns. Some of us stayed in the caves, in our normal bodies.

JOJO
Which are... blobs or something?

ELSA
Well, I'll draw them for you.

She takes Jojo's book and starts drawing. Jojo watches her elegant hands as they create the picture. She hands the book back to Jojo; it is a beautiful sketch of a WEIRD creature that is more like an ELF or FAIRY. Definitely not Jewish or a monster.

ELSA (CONT'D)
It would be better with colour but all I have is this blunt pencil.

JOJO
Where's the horns?

ELSA
Um, they're under the hair.

JOJO
Where are yours?

ELSA
I'm too young. They grow when you turn 21.

JOJO
Ahhh...

He writes that down too.

ELSA
Anyway, these days we live among normal humans but often we will take over a house and hang from the ceiling when we sleep, like bats. Oh, one interesting thing is that we can read each others' minds.

JOJO
Everyone's minds? What about German minds?

ELSA
No, their heads are too thick for us to penetrate. We can only read Jewish thoughts.

JOJO
So you're weaker when you're separated from your hive...

ELSA
Exactly.

JOJO
Oh wow, this is so good. So what are your other weaknesses?

ELSA
Well, although we used to be able to fly unfortunately we can't anymore - otherwise I'd be long gone.

JOJO
Of course.

ELSA
Our wings got burnt off after that whole Jesus thing. Punishment from God. Oh, and we are attracted to shiny things, just like birds. That is why we came to the beautiful cities of Germany, all the glass and gold and crystals.

JOJO
(writing)
Attracted to shiny things... but also ugly things, Jews love ugliness. That's another thing we learned in school.
(beat)
Ugly things yes? You love them?

Elsa regards this 10 year-old kid writing as fast as he can, a manic look on his face. A small smile creeps across hers.

ELSA
No, not ugly things, strong things.

JOJO
(not listening, writing)
Hmm yes, ugly things.

He pauses, catches a glimpse of himself in a mirror on the other side of the room. We see his scarred face. He registers his "ugliness" and goes back to writing.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - JOJO'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jojo enters his room with a pep in his step. He sees Adolf sitting in his bed.

ADOLF
You two seem to be getting on well.

JOJO
Who?

ADOLF
You and old Jew face.

JOJO
No, I just... I was making sure she was still alive.

ADOLF
What do you care?

JOJO
I don't. But I also don't want a dead person in my house. How would you like it?

ADOLF
(wiggling his toes)
I wouldn't care. I'm tough. Look, I want to believe you but part of me doesn't. Whatever that feeling is called. That and all the time you guys are spending together... I have to admit, it makes me uncomfortable.

JOJO
Well, you suggested it in the first place. Besides, it's for the book.

ADOLF
(sighs)
Okay, sorry. You're right. Oh no, I've made it weird between us, haven't I? Is it weird? Oh god, it's weird now.

A moment as we take in Hitler in Jojo's bed. Weird.

JOJO
It's fine, look I'm just tired. I need to go to bed.

ADOLF
Sure, I was just keeping it warm for you. Friends do that.

He gets out of bed, dressed in full regalia, including those PUFFY-HIPPED PANTS that WW2 Generals wear.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
Hey do you think this uniform is slimming? I'm not sure about the hips on the pants. I've seen them on other people and honestly, they make the thighs look absolutely humungous.

JOJO
You look great.

ADOLF
What about the moustache? I'm thinking about losing it. It seemed like a great idea at first but now I'm not sure. It's always there, like a little black worm. Whenever I look at my face I just see this stupid thing crawling on my lip.

JOJO
Well, it's kind of your trademark now.

ADOLF
(feeling his moustache)
You're right. I guess I'll keep it. Thanks Jojo, I can always count on you to make me feel better. I kind of consider you a reliable son.

JOJO
And you're like a fashionable dad.

Throughout this very short monologue, Adolf Hitler builds in energy, resembling for the first time, the intense yet charismatic Hitler we know from the famous speeches.

ADOLF
Be careful Jojo, and remember this good advice from me. Once you see what's in her mind and where she's trying to get you to go - in your own head, you must go the other way. Don't let her put you in a brain prison! You must be strong, you must always be alert and ready for anything. She's dangerous and cunning like an unpredictable baby opossum. Before you know it, you've got that thing clinging to your face, scratching out your eyes etc. And that, dear Jojo, is one thing that cannot happen to a German! Do not let her boss your German brain around!

He has worked himself up into quite a frenzy. Jojo stares at him with admiration.

JOJO
I won't let my brain be bossed around by her, mein Führer.

ADOLF
Try not to. Bossing around people's brains is extremely rude and uncalled for. It looks like you've got a lot of good information so far. Now to share it with others, yes?

Jojo nods. Hitler goes to leave.

JOJO
Um Adolf, do you think I'm... ugly?

ADOLF
Is that a trick question?
(he ponders, then)
Is there another word for ugly but not quite as offensive?

JOJO
I don't think so.

ADOLF
Well if there was, that'd be you to a tee. Anyway, ugly isn't a bad thing. Field Marshal Rommel was absolutely hideous but he made up for it with great joke telling abilities.
(then)
Sweet dreams, little Rabbit.

He winks and leaps out the window. Jojo looks in the mirror once more. He scowls at himself and turns out the light.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frau Betzler lights a cigarette, exhales, shaken. She looks at Elsa, raises a finger to her lips, silence.

FRAU BETZLER
I think there's a way out for you.

ELSA
How? When?

FRAU BETZLER
Soon as we can. It's not safe anymore, we don't have much time. We can get you to France, they've taken the west coast. Paris has almost fallen. Be ready.

Elsa smiles, this is hope. Frau Betzler lights a cigarette.

ELSA
Is he asleep?

FRAU BETZLER
(nodding)
He seems different these days. Lighter. Like the Jojo when Inga was alive. You remind me of her. You really do. But different of course, you're your own person.
(then)
I would love to have seen her grow into a woman. I'll have to watch you instead.

ELSA
I don't know anything about being a woman.

FRAU BETZLER
You'll learn.

She takes another drag of her cigarette.

ELSA
Women smoke.

FRAU BETZLER
Some do.

ELSA
I don't want to. But I probably will.

FRAU BETZLER
Probably.

ELSA
Is that what it is to be a woman? You do things like smoke.

FRAU BETZLER
And drink, don't forget drinking. Very important.

ELSA
What else?

FRAU BETZLER
You'll do the usual things, cook, clean, keep a home, but these things are just trickery, distraction. The real things you'll do are what make it all worthwhile.
(MORE)

FRAU BETZLER (CONT'D)
You'll smoke, you'll drink; champagne if you're happy, champagne if you're sad. You'll drive a car and eat cake, take up lovers and leave them. You'll take up lovers and make them suffer. Gamble if you want. Own diamonds and learn how to fire a gun. Board a boat to Africa and toss something overboard. See the pyramids, look a tiger in the eyes, and sleep with an African. Punch someone and learn to trust without fear. *That* is what it is to be a woman, or at least what it could be.

ELSA
Trust without fear. How do you do that, how do you know you can trust someone?

Frau Betzler smiles and leans in.

FRAU BETZLER
You trust them.
(she kisses Elsa on the forehead)
Good night.

ELSA
Did you do all that stuff? Gamble and go to Africa and... you know.

FRAU BETZLER
No.
(extinguishing her cigarette)
I've never looked a tiger in the eye.

She cracks a cheeky smile and blows out the candle.

INT. REICHSJUGENDAMT - DAY

Jojo enters the office and is immediately greeted by Captain Klenzendorf who sits at a desk drawing.

KLENZENDORF
Heyyy, look who it is!

FINKEL
The Handgrenade kid!

KLENZENDORF
So, how can we help you today? Are you missing your dingaling?

Finkel giggles, he loves Klenzendorf.

JOJO
I'm not missing my pee-pee.

KLENZENDORF
What? Oh, false alarm Finkel. All dingalings accounted for. What's up?

JOJO
If someone turned in a Jew would they get a medal or something?

KLENZENDORF
Have you found one?

JOJO
I'm on the lookout. I'm learning a lot about Jews actually.

KLENZENDORF
Really?

JOJO
Did you know they are attracted to shiny things and they sleep upside down from the ceiling like bats?

KLENZENDORF
(nodding, enjoying this)
Ok, bats, yes.

JOJO
And another thing you might be interested to know is they can read each others' minds and their true language sounds like birds chirping.

KLENZENDORF
And where did you come by this information?

JOJO
Research. I'm writing a book.

KLENZENDORF
What's it called?

JOJO
“Yoohoo Jew”.

KLENZENDORF
(stifling laughter)
Pardon?

JOJO
“Yoohoo Jew”. It’s an exposé on Jews.

KLENZENDORF
(giggling)
“Yoohoo Jew”, oh my god, I love it! You could also call it “Jew, Who?”
(new idea)
Ooh! Ooh! What about “Jews News”??

FINKEL
What about Jew... ummm...

He trails off, not able to make a good joke.

KLENZENDORF
Well, I’m impressed you’re being so productive. Boy, you do have an imagination on you, I love it!

JOJO
But it’s real, not imagi--

KLENZENDORF
Oh, of course it’s real! When I was your age I had a “friend” called Kack who used wet my bed when I was asleep. He got me in so much trouble. He also shit my pants sometimes, old Kack.

JOJO
(weakly)
I already have an imaginary friend. I know the difference.

KLENZENDORF
(not listening)
Hey, you might like to check out what I’m working on.

He holds up a sketch of a man wearing a tasselled uniform, cape, and a helmet adorned with feathers.

KLENZENDORF (CONT’D)
I’m re-designing the German uniforms. A re-vamp if you will.
(MORE)

KLENZENDORF (CONT'D)
It's based loosely on East Asian fashions but also has a distinct pirate skew. Sort of warrior meets musketeer. Note the feathers for aerodynamics. The sparkly collar is to dazzle the enemy. The high-heel boots are purely decorative.
(suddenly covering the picture with his hand)
This is all copyrighted by the way.

FINKEL
That means you can't copy it.

Jojo gives up.

JOJO
Are there any conscriptions today?

KLENZENDORF
No, not right now. But I do have another job for you. I won't lie, it's a bit of a step-down from delivering conscriptions but you still get some good face time with the locals.

Jojo leaves.

FINKEL
What a dingaling.

EXT. TOWN - HOUSE - DAY

A strange automaton made from cardboard and silver paint wheels a barrow along the street. Stopping outside a house we can see it is Jojo. In his barrow are various items; a piece of RUSTED STEEL, a LEAD PIPE, a few NUTS & BOLTS, some TOOTHPASTE TUBES. He knocks on a door, an OLD WOMAN answers.

JOJO
Good morning Frau. Our brave troops and wonderful Führer need your help. I am collecting much needed metal for the war effort which will provide our troops with... um, bullets and airplanes. And guns, tanks, ships, U-boats, bombs. And Iron Crosses.

OLD WOMAN
What?

JOJO
Do you have anything metal? Nuts, bolts, pans, toothpaste tubes...

She stares at him a while.

OLD WOMAN
What?

Jojo wheels his barrow away. He looks across the street and sees a couple of kids, dressed in their Hitlerjugend outfits, laughing at Jojo and mocking his costume. He scurries away.

EXT. TOWN - FLORIDSDORFER SPITZ - MOMENTS LATER

Jojo tries to stick some of the Propaganda Posters he put up earlier, back to the wall. He attaches one which immediately falls down again.

VOICE (O.S.)
Jojo?

He turns to see YORKI approaching.

JOJO
Yorki!

The two embrace. Jojo steps back to take in his old friend who is now dressed in a soldier's uniform. A cigarette hangs from his mouth but it's still the same old Yorki, clumsy and a bit pudgy.

JOJO (CONT'D)
You're a soldier now?

YORKI
At your service! I even drink schnapps and smoke cigarettes now.

He theatrically "smokes" with his cigarette.

JOJO
But you're only 12.

YORKI
I know! But they think we're just as good as the older lads so they're recruiting us early. And look at this uniform, it's state of the art!

Jojo feels the uniform. It is made out of CARDBOARD covered in GREEN MATERIAL.

JOJO
It’s pretty thin. Is that... paper?

YORKI
Hmm, that’s what I thought at first too. But it’s “paper like”. It’s the latest material invented by our top scientists. It keeps you warm in snow and cool in the desert. It’s also impervious to shrapnel, bullets and some bombs. And, because it will never degrade I can grow into it!

He holds up his arm, the sleeve is way too long.

JOJO
Well, I’m impressed. You finally made it. Next stop, Hitler’s guard.

YORKI
Exactly! And I’m only 12! So geil!
(beat, off Jojo’s costume)
What is this outfit?

JOJO
Oh, they picked me for a new top secret army project.
(pause)
Robot division.

Yorki’s eyes go wide and his jaw drops.

YORKI
Robot division... wooooaaaaa....

Jojo shuffles on the spot.

JOJO
Hey Yorki... I caught a Jew. A real one.

YORKI
Wow, good for you! I saw some that they caught hiding in the forest last month. Personally I didn’t see what all the fuss was about. They weren’t at all scary and seemed kind of normal. But don’t tell anyone I said that.

He starts off in the opposite direction.

YORKI (CONT’D)
I have to go show this uniform to my mama. Take care Jojo, you’re looking good!

JOJO
Yorki, can I ask a favour?

YORKI
Of course!

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jojo lightly taps on Elsa's wall, opens the door and holds something out for her. She emerges, smiles.

JOJO
I got you this, it's nothing, just stupid pencils. It doesn't mean anything. They're probably broken.

Elsa takes her gift, some sheets of paper rolled around a collection of pencils, some coloured, tied together with string.

JOJO (CONT'D)
I doubt they even work.

ELSA
Thank you.

JOJO
Yeah well, maybe you can draw something. Maybe more pictures for my book. Or not. I don't care.

Jojo turns away, quiet.

ELSA
I could draw you again?

JOJO
Don't make fun please.

ELSA
I'm not.

JOJO
No one wants to see pictures of cripples.

ELSA
You're hardly a cripple. Besides, true artists don't see that stuff.

JOJO
Blind artists you mean.

ELSA
The outside is not important.

JOJO
It makes a pretty big difference actually. This girl from Jungvolk, Gudrun, she's gone right off me.

ELSA
What do you care what she thinks?

JOJO
Um, because she's only the prettiest girl in the whole town.

ELSA
If she was that special she wouldn't even notice.

JOJO
Well that's not a problem seeing she can't bare to look at me. Look, it's fine, I'll just accept that I'll be one of those guys who will never get to kiss a girl.
(beat)
And I'm not fishing for anything by the way. I feel quite strongly about this.

ELSA
You will be kissed, Jojo.
(beat)
Do you want me to kiss you?

JOJO
Woah. Ok, two things. Thing number one: it's illegal for Nazis and Jews to hang out like we do, let alone kiss, so already it's out of the question. And thing number two: it would just be a sympathy kiss which doesn't count.

ELSA
You're not a Nazi.

JOJO
What are you talking about? Of course I am.

ELSA
Not a real Nazi.

JOJO
I'm massively into Swastikas so I think that's a pretty good sign right there.

ELSA
You're not a Nazi, Jojo. You're a 10 year old kid who 'likes' Swastikas and 'likes' dressing up in a funny uniform and wants to be part of a club. But you're not one of them. Not you.

JOJO
(rolling his eyes)
Okayyy, let's just agree to disagree, alright?
(beat, to himself)
Not a Nazi, ha.

He picks at an imaginary thing on the wall. Elsa stares at herself in the mirror.

ELSA
What a dirty Jew.

Jojo gets an idea.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Elsa pours a large pot of hot water into a wash basin. She wrings a flannel into the bowl and unties her dress, letting it slip to the floor.

Outside the bathroom, Jojo sits against the wall, listening to the sound of Elsa bathing. He closes his eyes.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - FRAU BETZLER'S ROOM - LATER

Back in his mother's room Jojo sits on the bed as Elsa puts on make-up and does her hair.

As he watches Elsa, Jojo shivers a little. He looks down and puts his hand on his TUMMY, then looks back at Elsa, worried.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Downstairs, Jojo leads Elsa into the living room. She looks around. They speak in low voices.

ELSA
'Living room'. Funny name.

JOJO
Stay away from the windows.

Jojo reveals a meal of green potatoes. They are barely cooked.

JOJO (CONT'D)
It's all I could get.

She takes one and bites into it. It is crunchy. They laugh. Suddenly there is a LOUD KNOCKING at the door. The children freeze.

JOJO (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Mama's home. You better hide.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

More KNOCKING.

JOJO
(calling out)
Lost your key, Mama?

Jojo reaches the door and opens it, revealing FOUR MEN in trench-coats - GESTAPO AGENTS - led by a creepy man, CAPTAIN DEERTZ.

DEERTZ
Heil Hitler. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Captain Herman Deertz of the Vienna Gestapo, Floridsdorf office. This is Herr Mueller, Herr Junker, and Herr Frosch.
(then)
Heil Hitler.

JOJO
Heil Hitler.
(to Mueller)
Heil Hitler.

MUELLER
Heil Hitler.

JOJO
(to Junker)
Heil Hitler.

JUNKER
Heil Hitler.

JOJO
(to Frosch)
Heil Hitler.

FROSCH
Heil Hitler.

DEERTZ
Now, we--

KLENZENDORF (O.S.)
Sorry I'm late, my bicycle got a flat tire. I carried it.

They are interrupted by Captain Klenzendorf entering, late, carrying a bicycle, trailed by Finkel. The other agents look down on Klenzendorf.

DEERTZ
Ah, Klenzendorf. Heil Hitler.

KLENZENDORF
Heil Hitler.

Finkel joins in and the two men Heil Hitler everyone in the room all over again. Finally...

JOJO
Heil Hitler...

KLENZENDORF
So, did I miss anything?

DEERTZ
No, we were just Heil Hitlering each other and were about to conduct our random routine investigation.

He nods to the other agents who start snooping around the house, inspecting drawers, cupboards, shelves. Deertz smiles and moves into the Living Room. Jojo and Klenzendorf follow. Deertz examines the plate of potatoes, sees the nibbled one, then the TWO SETS OF CUTLERY.

DEERTZ (CONT'D)
So, young Johannes, we hear you have been helping out at the Hitlerjugend office.

JOJO
Yes.

DEERTZ
Good for you. I wish more of our citizens had your commitment.

KLENZENDORF
Johannes is a fantastic volunteer. He's very imaginative.

Deertz moves to the book-case, looks at the literature. The other two officers make notes and start trudging up the stairs. Deertz wanders down the hall, Jojo and Klenzendorf follow. They stop at Jojo's room. Deertz peeks inside and then wanders on.

DEERTZ
I see someone vandalised your house. The front door.

JOJO
Children.

DEERTZ
Children?! The brats! What is this world coming to? What did it say? It has almost been washed away.

JOJO
I don't know. A number.

DEERTZ
A number? You know what it means?

JOJO
No.

DEERTZ
Oh, that's a shame.

There is a loud bang upstairs, something being overturned. Jojo and the Officer look up.

DEERTZ (CONT'D)
What on earth are those oafs up to? Why don't we go upstairs and see. Yes?

He puts an arm around Jojo and they head upstairs.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS

They stop at Jojo's mother's room. The officers are looking through her dresser and wardrobe, under the mattress.

DEERTZ
Do you know where your mother is?

JOJO
No. I think she's in town.

DEERTZ
And tell me, what has she been up to of late? Does she get to spend much time at home?

JOJO
Well, she is quite busy.

Klenzendorf accidentally knocks over a chair. He exhales heavily, clearly uncomfortable.

DEERTZ
Is she? Hm. Well it's good to see you are still wearing your Jugend uniform.
(beat)
But... where is your DJ knife?

Jojo looks down to his little sheath, it is still empty. From behind them.

ELSA (O.S.)
It's here.

They turn to see Elsa standing at the door to Inga's room. She holds the knife in her hand and wears a dress and shirt of Inga's. She looks beautiful and... quite German. Jojo is wide-eyed, panicked.

DEERTZ
And who might you be?

ELSA
Who might <u>YOU</u> be? And what are you doing in my house?

DEERTZ
You live here too?

JOJO
This... is...

ELSA
(mocking Jojo)
Thisss... isssss...
(to Deertz)
Speak properly idiot. You'll have to excuse my retarded brother, I'm Inga Betzler.

There is an awkward pause. Klenzendorf COUGHS. Jojo tries to stall.

JOJO
Heil Hitler.

ELSA
Heil. Hitler.

DEERTZ
Heil Hitler.

The others agents join in and we go through another long round of Heil Hitler salutes, this time with Elsa.

DEERTZ (CONT'D)
I didn't know you had a sister, Johannes.

ELSA
Well sometimes he'd prefer I was dead. Wouldn't you, little Frankenstein?

DEERTZ
Now, now, no need to attack his physicality. It's a war wound. And why do you have his knife?

ELSA
I'm guarding my room because he refuses to stay out of it.

DEERTZ
What do you have hidden in there?

ELSA
(smiling)
Oh you know, girl's stuff.

Deertz goes to enter Inga's room.

DEERTZ
May I?

ELSA
Naturally.

He wanders in, inspecting the room. He walks past Elsa's secret door where the painting that covers it hangs crooked. Klenzendorf enters and walks past Jojo, eyeing him.

DEERTZ
You see we deal with an overwhelming number of reports, denunciations, and general investigations which means we are severely understaffed and overworked.

He opens the curtains and looks out the window. We hear a scraping sound and reveal that Klenzendorf is straightening the painting. He then stands in front of the wall opening, concealing it.

DEERTZ (CONT'D)
Now, of course we are indeed interested in problems of crime and anti-party sentiment, but we still have one greater concern; that of the Goldilocksies, running amok, taking advantage of other people in this city. Sneaking around, eating people's food, wearing their clothes... It's simply rude.
(beat, to Elsa)
I don't suppose I could see your papers could I?

Elsa freezes.

DEERTZ (CONT'D)
Hmm?

KLENZENDORF
Papers, Ms Betzler! Quickly please, we don't have all day.

ELSA
Yes, of course.

Elsa goes to a drawer in Inga's dresser and pulls out INGA'S PAPERS. Her hand is beginning to shake, Klenzendorf takes the papers from her and looks at them, now and then flicking a look to Elsa.

POV of the papers shows Inga when she was sick, GAUNT and PALE; the two girls share a vague resemblance.

KLENZENDORF
How old are you in this photo?

ELSA
They're 3 years old, I was 12.

KLENZENDORF
Date of birth?

A tense moment as Elsa pauses. Pin drop stuff.

ELSA
May 1, 1929.

Another long pause. Elsa wipes her sweaty hand on her dress.

KLENZENDORF
Correct.
(beat)
Thank you Inga. Get a new photo.

Klenzendorf goes to hand the papers to Deertz who waves them away. The other agents arrive from Frau Betzler's room. They hand Deertz some envelopes and photos and papers.

DEERTZ
Good good. Well, we'll be borrowing some of these little things if you don't mind. Nice meeting you.

ELSA
Heil Hitler.

They go to leave and at that moment Deertz spies Jojo's BOOK sitting on the dresser. He picks it up, turns it over and stares at the cover.

DEERTZ
What is this... Yoohoo...Jew?

Jojo gulps. Deertz opens the book and starts flicking through the pages. The atmosphere is palpable. Slowly Deertz begins to smile, and then... he giggles.

DEERTZ (CONT'D)
(stifling laughter)
Oh my... Oh my! Tell me, who did this? Was it you, Inga?

JOJO
It's mine.

DEERTZ
This is amazing! Guys, look at this.

Klenzendorf and the others gather round Deertz as he shows them Jojo's fantastical drawings and writings. There are pictures of crazy animals and fairies and magical worlds.

DEERTZ (CONT'D)
Where did you get all of these ideas?

KLENZENDORF
He made them up. He's got a wonderful imagination our Jojo.

JOJO
It's an... exposé. For the Fuhrer.

DEERTZ
An exposé. Oh, I think he would absolutely adore this. Oh my, this guy is riding a giraffe. “Mode of Transport”.
(turning a page)
Ooh, this is a drawing of their anatomy. Look, this one here shows the inside of their heads. How wonderful.

The officers are all giggling now.

KLENZENDORF
I too am quite an accomplished drawer. I actually have slightly better perspective and cross-hatching.

Ignoring him, Deertz points at a drawing of David killing Goliath.

DEERTZ
Oh look, this guy is killing a giant. Oh boy, that has really made my day. Thank you, Jojo. I do hope you carry on with this.

More Heil Hitlers. Jojo just stands there, watching.

INT. JOJO’S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The men are almost out the front door.

DEERTZ
As usual, call us if you notice anything suspicious. And Jojo, keep going with that wonderful book.

The officers leave, Klenzendorf lingers.

KLENZENDORF
Listen Johannes, we are scaling down our operations at the Jugend office so there’s not really any work for you right now. Your services are no longer required.
(beat)
Take care, Jojo. Stay home. Look after your family.

Jojo nods. Klenzendorf leaves.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - ELSA'S HIDEOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Jojo finds Elsa huddled in the corner clutching Inga's papers.

JOJO
Elsa, you fooled them.

ELSA
May 7.

JOJO
What?

ELSA
She was born May 7, not the first.

Jojo takes the papers and reads. The DOB reads: **May 7, 1929.**

JOJO
He was helping us.

ELSA
They'll be back. They'll find out she's dead. Then I'll be dead. I have to leave here. I have to get out.

JOJO
No. No one will know. I've seen the Records Room, it's a complete mess. They won't bother.

ELSA
They always bother. Where is your mother? She said they're were getting me out of here. To Paris.

JOJO
Nobody really knows Inga died. You can be her Elsa. It's okay, I'll tell mama everything when she gets home. I'll tell her I know you, that we're friends.

Elsa retreats away from Jojo.

ELSA
Jew and Nazi are not friends.

This hits Jojo. Elsa buries her head into her hands and begin to cry. Jojo leaves.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jojo sits at the kitchen table twiddling his thumbs while Adolf, wearing oven gloves, stirs a pot on the stove. He smells the broth.

ADOLF
Mmm, lecker soup.

JOJO
It's hot water, you don't need to stir it.

ADOLF
Fine.

He puts the ladle down, crosses his arms.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
So that was pretty much a bust. I can't believe they fell for her disguise. Mind explaining that?

JOJO
I don't want to talk about it.

ADOLF
Well I'm not a mind reader Jojo.
(beat)
Actually I am, it's one of my abilities, but I still can't work out what's going on.

JOJO
I just... I'm confused and tired.

ADOLF
(immature)
Oooooh, widdle Jojo's tired, and a widdle bit confused. Poor Jojo, he's a widdle bit hungwy and the only thing he can cook is this invisible soup. Ooh, can I get you some invisible soup Jojo?

He is suddenly serious, elements of the real Hitler start building as he gives an impassioned speech.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
I am beginning to question your loyalty to myself and the party. You say you are a patriot but where is the evidence?
(MORE)

ADOLF (CONT'D)
The German soldier was born out of necessity, Germany depends on the passion of these young men, passion and a readiness to fall for the fatherland. Their resurrection will be seen in the rise of the German folk, despite of the futile efforts of Allied war profiteers who send their ill-prepared armies clumsily into the lair of the wolf. And only those zealous men who stand steadfast in the face of the enemy will be remembered, their names etched into German memory forever. But it is up to you to decide if you want to be remembered, or forgotten like a grain of sand, disappearing without trace into the desert of insignificance!
(beat)
To put it plainly - get your shit together and sort out your priorities. You're ten, Jojo. Start acting like it.

He walks out, dramatically knocking over a cup.

EXT. TOWN - FOOD STORE - MORNING

Jojo is at the FOOD STORE. He hands over ONE RATION CARD. In return they give him a tiny piece of bread and a small piece of butter. He puts them in his pocket and leaves.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - FLORIDSDORFER SPITZ - AFTERNOON

Jojo wheels his barrow down an alley which opens up into Floridsdorfer Spitz, a town square. He rests a moment and sees a BUTTERFLY moving past him along a row of flowers.

Jojo smiles at this, takes interest and follows the butterfly, limping behind as it flutters along the flower bed. He moves further away from his barrow and into the park proper, moving around a few trees. He crouches and admires the butterfly which has now come to a stop upon another flower. Not yet looking up Jojo notices the light on the ground is disturbed by shadows moving back and forth. He looks up and sees he is standing near the site of the PUBLIC HANGING. TEN or so bodies hang from the gallows.

A sign nailed to a nearby tree reveals these people have been executed for treason, crimes against the Reich and involvement with a Resistance movement. Painted in white across the bodies' chests we see:

O 5

The bodies sway in the wind in a kind of floating waltz. Jojo tilts his head back and forth in rhythm and shuffles along the row of bodies. Most are men, a couple of girls. Then as he nears the row he sees one body in a dirty dress, a woman drifting in the breeze, twisting on the rope until she turns towards us, fully revealing her face... his MOTHER, FRAU BETZLER.

Jojo steps back, falls to the ground, eyes wide open, staring back at her. He begins to cry, suddenly losing his brave exterior and becoming the 10 year old child he is.

Jojo gets to his feet, goes to his mother and tries to reach her hand. It is too high. He looks down her body and notices her shoelace is untied. He tries to re-tie it but fumbles. He gives up and rests his head against her leg.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - FLORIDSDORFER SPITZ - DUSK

As the sun sets Jojo remains in the park, sitting near his mother, quiet and still.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - ELSA'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Elsa sits in Inga's room, reading by candlelight. Jojo enters the room. Elsa looks down to see he's holding his DJ knife, tears streaming down his face.

He walks up to Elsa and stabs her just below the collarbone. He's too weak to drive it all the way in but she does little to stop him.

Slowly she raises her hand, places it over his and pulls out the bloody blade. Blood seeps down her chest. She nods at him. Jojo struggles against her until he collapses to the floor. He lies on his back. Elsa kneels next to him. They look at each other.

EXT. JOJO'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jojo and Elsa sit on the ROOF while distant bombing lights up the horizon.

JOJO
They had a number on them.

ELSA
O-Five. The resistance. She was part of this.

JOJO
Did you know this before?

ELSA
She didn't tell me much, only that she worked with friends and that your father was somehow involved from afar.

JOJO
No, he's fighting in the war.

ELSA
She didn't want to tell you anything for obvious reasons.

JOJO
(nodding, tearing up)
Because I'm a Nazi. I was the enemy.

ELSA
She didn't want you to know anything that could get you in trouble. She wanted to protect you - more than anything, more than me. You were the most important thing to her.

JOJO
But they found out what she was doing in the end. They got her.

ELSA
I'm sorry. She died trying to save lives. That is the greatest honour any human can achieve.

JOJO
But now I have nothing. No one.

Elsa puts an arm around his shoulder. More bombs.

ELSA
The last time I saw my parents was at Westbanhof. They were put on a train, my cousin made me run with him and hide behind the terminus. Later we were sleeping in the forest, others were there. They found us. They shot everyone, Franz too. I ran and slowly found my way back to the city. A friend of my fathers hid me. Then another friend, then friends of friends... till your mother took me in.
(then)
So far I am still here.
(MORE)

ELSA (CONT'D)
But my parents went to a place you don’t come back from.

JOJO
One day I’ll find a way for you to escape. I promise.

ELSA
I look forward to it.

JOJO
What is the first thing you’ll do when you’re free?

ELSA
Dance.

He leans his head on her shoulder. They sit like this in the moonlight. The BOMBING gets louder... MUSIC BUILDS.

MONTAGE - JOJO AND ELSA

- Jojo and Elsa hang blankets over the windows as the bombing continues.

- Jojo barters with a local PEASANT for some OLD VEGETABLES.

- Elsa draws pictures of her surroundings; the view, the objects in the room, Jojo.

- Jojo walks past a wall where he previously tacked pictures of Hitler and propaganda notices. Some of the Hitler pictures have been torn away leaving half of the Fuhrer’s face.

- Jojo peruses Elsa’s drawings. He finds one of a BUTTERFLY.

- Jojo pins the butterfly drawing to his wall, near a photo of Hitler.

- Jojo attempts to prepare food in his kitchen. Obviously he’s a terrible cook.

- Jojo’s bedroom; Jojo pins another one of Elsa’s drawings on the wall. There are now as many of them as his pictures of Hitler.

- Jojo delivers a plate of pretty questionable food to Elsa. They eat together. Mid-meal, fixated on Elsa, Jojo clutches his tummy.

- Suddenly a distant EXPLOSION is heard, the rumbling causing objects and windows to shake and rattle. The sound of gunshots comes soon after. Jojo rushes out.

EXT. GRUSCH GROCERY - DAY

Jojo heads down a street and finds a group of civilian locals being given weapons and instructions on how to use them. There are a couple of women and young boys among them, all looking very out of their element and bewildered. Two younger kids help each other carry a huge MACHINE GUN off towards the fighting.

An explosion a few blocks away. Civilians run the opposite way towards safety. Jojo runs too. He rounds a corner and sees Yorki, his uniform in tatters, running on the other side of the street carrying boxes of ammunition and a ROCKET LAUNCHER.

JOJO
Yorki!

Yorki sees Jojo, waves, trips and falls, accidentally FIRING the Rocket Launcher. It launches a missile across the road, completely blowing out a store front. GLASS and DEBRIS shower the street.

YORKI
Shit! Jojo, you okay?! I'm so clumsy.
(then)
Hey, you're not a robot anymore...

JOJO
Yorki, what's going on out there?

YORKI
The Russians Jojo, they're coming. And the Americans from the other way. And England and China and Africa and India and Australia. Shit, it's everyone!

JOJO
How are we doing?

YORKI
Are you kidding? Terribly! Our only friends are the Japanese and just between you and me, they don't look very Aryan. The whole country's run out of money. I mean look at this uniform, it really <u>IS</u> made of paper. They just glued cotton over the top of it.

He turns around and see the back of his jacket has been completely burned off. We see it is made of CARDBOARD covered in thin COTTON.

YORKI (CONT'D)
You're lucky you got out, this is crazy. Go and hide, buddy.

He tries to lift the boxes of ammunition up again but has difficulty.

YORKI (CONT'D)
And honestly, someone should tell you how heavy guns and bullets are.

JOJO
What's it like, the fighting?

YORKI
Kinda shitty. It's fun at first but then it's really scary. Hans, that big asshole from Jungvolk training, he got killed about a week ago. His head got shot off. I saw it... SHOT. OFF. And he was still standing holding his gun and then he did a little dance like this. But without a head.

Yorki shimmies on his feet for a second. Silly.

YORKI (CONT'D)
I know you're not supposed to laugh but it looked so funny. Plus he was such an asshole. I gotta go.

JOJO
Take me with you, I can help. I wanna be part of it!

YORKI
Why? We're losing.

JOJO
No we're not. We can't lose, it's impossible. We're German. We don't know how to lose, we're invincible.

YORKI
Tell that to old Hans "No more head".
(then)
Ok, come. I gotta get this ammo to the gunners. You can help me.

Yorki puts the ammo in Jojo's barrow and they head off.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - BEETHOVEN PLATZ - DAY

They reach a square, the fire-fight in the distance gets closer. There are a few other explosions, heard but not seen, down the street. It's loud and chaotic. Other soldiers run around, many of them are JOJO's AGE. Everyone is confused, Jojo is bewildered.

YORKI
Woah, listen, they're getting closer.

JOJO
Remember that Jew I told you about?

YORKI
Oh yeah. You caught one.

JOJO
I still have her. She's basically my girlfriend now.

YORKI
Good for you Jojo! A girlfriend!

JOJO
But she's, y'know... Jewish.

YORKI
There are bigger things to worry about than Jews, Jojo. That's the Russians out there. They're worse than anyone. We've been told they eat babies and have sex with dogs. I mean, that's bad, right?

JOJO
Sex with dogs?

YORKI
Yeah, the Englishmen do it too. We have to stop them before they eat us and screw all our dogs. It's crazy.
(then)
Wait, what's that annoying music?

Just then, we hear **PACHELBEL'S CANON in D** blaring out from a local PA SYSTEM.

KLENZENDORF runs past, stopping near the boys. We see that he is wearing his uniform but it has been altered according to his earlier drawing. It has SPARKLY SEQUINS on the collar, TASSELS down the sleeves. He also wears a feather covered HELMET, HIGH HEEL BOOTS and carries a MACHINE GUN.

Finkel runs up, dressed in a similar outfit, but he wears a cape made of pink triangle patches. He stands proudly next to Captain K, there is an electric energy between them. Klenzendorf gives a triumphant smile, doffs his pirate hat and runs off, Finkel close behind, Pachelbel swelling.

YORKI (CONT'D)
Okay, I gotta go Jojo, the guys need bullets.

JOJO
We were born to die for Germany.

YORKI
Well I'm still not gonna laugh when they shoot me.
(prodding his fat belly)
I'm a pretty big target too.

He heads across the plaza, the gunfire gets louder. Jojo calls out.

JOJO
Yorki, you're my best friend!

But Yorki has disappeared around the corner, out of sight. There are more shots and yelling. Suddenly a huge explosion rocks the street, debris and smoke pours back into the square. Jojo hides behind a tree and watches as German soldiers come running, some are gunned down, others hide behind vehicles and continue to engage the enemy. Klenzendorf runs too, his Pirate Hat is on fire.

Jojo heads back up a side-street, away from the chaos.

FADE OUT.

SFX: CELEBRATION MUSIC and the sound of tanks rolling

EXT. TOWN - STREET - DAY

Music blares, an anthem of some sort. Jojo stares wide-eyed as the CANNIBAL TRIBES of RUSSIA, GREAT BRITAIN, and AMERICA parade down the street. Some people are waving, happy. Others devastated, unwilling to accept defeat.

A soldier passes by and thrusts a small Union-Jack flag into Jojo's hand. He says something indecipherable and continues on. An excitable WOMAN (30 plus holding her child) runs past them.

JOJO
What's happening?

WOMAN
It's over! The war is over! We will have peace!

JOJO
What do you mean?

WOMAN
The Allies have won. The war is over! America is here! Everyone is free!

Fantasy Adolf joins Jojo.

ADOLF
I have no idea what's going on but I do like the little flags and the parade.

JOJO
Wha-? Adolf the war is over, we lost!

ADOLF
Good. That means your stupid free-loading *girlfriend* can finally go away to Paris with Nathan. Then it'll just be you and me like normal.

Jojo looks worried.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
That's what we want, right, for her to leave? Well now it can actually happen. No more girl in the attic!

He skips away, waving a flag.

EXT. TOWN - STREET - LATER

The streets are quiet, heavy with Russian presence. Jojo stands in line at a FOOD RATION STATION, holding a bag. Among the GERMAN CIVILIANS and RUSSIAN TROOPS he feels like a stranger. A tank rumbles past with the sounds of Soviet music wafting out.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Jojo stands at the door to Elsa's room, clearly debating something internally. He enters to find Elsa sitting at the window, peering through a crack in the curtain as fireworks go off and music plays in the distance.

ELSA
What's happening out there?

JOJO
Hmm? Where?

ELSA
Out there dummy! Listen.

JOJO
Oh, celebrations.

ELSA
For what?

Jojo doesn't answer.

ELSA (CONT'D)
For what, Jojo? Tell me...
(beat)
Is it over?

He nods.

ELSA (CONT'D)
The war is over?!

He nods again.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Yes!!!

She stands, hugs Jojo, skips around the room and draws the curtains wide.

ELSA (CONT'D)
It's over! Come, we must go outside!
Come on Jojo, we're free! I can go home!
I can go!

Jojo just stares ahead, bites his lip.

JOJO
You can't.

ELSA
Why? What's wrong?
(beat)
Jojo?

She looks back out the window, her smile fades. She steps back from the window into the room.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Who won...?
(then)
Jojo, who won?

Jojo takes his time and making his decision... speaks.

JOJO
We did.
(then)
Hitler won the war.

Her face drops, she sinks to the ground, broken.

ELSA
But, they said the Allies were going to win.

Long silence as tears well in her eyes. She walks back to her hideout.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Congratulations.

JOJO
I'm sorry.
(then)
But you can still stay here. That's one good thing. You'll live with me. Here.

ELSA
Yes. And I'll die here too. In this room, just like Inga.

JOJO
No. I will look after you.

ELSA
Or they will come and find me and do it themselves.

JOJO
They won't.

ELSA
They're going to get me.

JOJO
No.

ELSA
No. I won't let them. I'll kill myself. Tonight. That's how I'll escape.

JOJO
Don't say that. I'll take care of you.

ELSA
(snapping)
You can't take care of anything! Not even yourself. You're a monster like all the others! Monster!

Elsa flops down on the bed and bursts into tears. Jojo backs away.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP on a word written on a BLACKBOARD:

MONSTERS!

Jojo sits in a broken down classroom with some other children. They are being addressed by a woman, a RUSSIAN TEACHER. On the board behind her are written other words like BEASTS, KILLERS, EVIL, ANIMALS, DEVILS, INHUMAN, BAD, UGLY...

The teacher speaks in a RUSSIAN ACCENT.

RUSSIAN TEACHER
What else do we know about the German Nazis? Hmm? They are also HEARTLESS.
(she writes)
Now, you beautiful children are not like these Germans. You need to be better. More like the Russians. Because Germans are the bad people, they do the bad things. They have very bad taste in art, music, breakfast condiments. They have bad hearts. You will learn to be <u>better</u> Germans. Who wants to be better Germans?

A little confused the children tentatively raise their hands. Jojo looks beside him and sees Adolf sitting in the seat next to him, his hand is also raised.

ADOLF
(whispering)
I want to be a better German! Pick me!
(looking to Jojo)
Put your hand up! Don’t you want to be better?

After a beat, Jojo joins in and raises his hand.

RUSSIAN TEACHER
Wunderbarrr! Now. Come and collect some of these silly old German books. We’re going to tear them to a million pieces!

She indicates a large pile of German literature stacked at the front of the class. She takes a thick book and rips it in half with her strong Russian hands.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - FLORIDSDORFER SPITZ - LATER

Jojo walks through the city, he sees some Russian soldiers busting into a house, looting it. Others are pushing an old piano out of a window as locals watch on. Gunshots are heard across the city.

Jojo enters the square where he found his mother. There is some commotion on the other side of the trees. He walks over and sees a group of German men and women who have been rounded up by an angry mob.

Among the group, Jojo sees OFFICER DEERTZ, FRAULEIN RAHM and also CAPTAIN KLENZENDORF, his revamped uniform in tatters. Jojo's spying NEIGHBOURS are also with the group, stumbling around, desperate, jostled about by PARTISANS and LOCALS. Jojo watches as Fraulein Rahm gets dragged from the group. She looks haggard and tries to break free in panic.

FRAULEIN RAHM
No..! I... I was helping them. I was good to the Jews. Please, someone tell them, I helped them!

Someone SPITS in her face. She is led away. Before we see what happens next Jojo finds himself carried with the wave of bystanders where he passes another group of prisoners. It's here that he turns to find Klenzendorf, beaten and tired. He gives a warm, gentle smile.

JOJO
Captain K.

KLENZENDORF
Heya kid. Look at all this commotion, huh?

JOJO
What's going on?

KLENZENDORF
Hysteria my friend.
(wiping away a tear)
My dear Finkel is dead.

JOJO
Sorry.

KLENZENDORF
Mm, I was quite fond of him.
(beat)
Hey, I've been meaning to tell you, I think your book is really great. I'm sorry for laughing at it. There's some very important stuff in there. You should publish it.

A PARTISAN with a rifle pulls Jojo forward.

PARTISAN
You know each other?

JOJO
(pointing at Klenzendorf)
Him. Yes.

PARTISAN
How? How do you know him? He is Nazi. A Nazi yes?

JOJO
No, he's... He helped us...

PARTISAN
Nazi.

JOJO
No, he's just a...

PARTISAN
(to Klenzendorf)
You know the boy?

A brief moment as Klenzendorf stares at Jojo.

KLENZENDORF
Oh, I've seen him round but I don't know him. Go away little boy.

JOJO
But I know hi--

KLENZENDORF
Begone, you ugly brat!

PARTISAN
Yeah, get out of here, ugly gypsy. Scat!

Jojo is pushed back into the crowd, losing sight of Klenzendorf. Someone calls out a command, indecipherable amongst the cries of the crazed crowd. As Jojo pushes his way to the back of the mob we see over the top of the crowd that Klenzendorf and some others are standing in a line, on a platform. He doesn't look back and so doesn't see all five of them drop out of sight, the ropes around their necks going tight. All we hear are gasps and cheers.

EXT. TOWN - RIVER - DAY

Jojo sits on the banks of the river. He watches the water flow past him as more gunshots and cheering can be heard in the distance. He looks over at the bridge and sees a young couple. Coming the opposite way is YORKI. They embrace.

YORKI
Jojo!

JOJO
Yorki! I thought you were surely dead.

YORKI
No, it seems I can never die! I fell in a hole and luckily I'm a little bit fat so I got stuck. Anyway, a tank parked over the top of my hole and then that got blown up and it was a whole 2 days before anyone found me.

JOJO
I'm glad they did.

YORKI
Me too. I lost three Pounds!
(then)
Did you hear? About Hitler?

JOJO
What?

YORKI
He's dead. They say he killed himself.

JOJO
He wouldn't.

YORKI
He did. He was in a bunker and the Russians were all outside and he had nowhere to run and so he did it. He just blew his brains out. All over the wall.

JOJO
He blew his brains out?

YORKI
All over the wall. Brains *everywhere*. Betrayed us all. Turns out he was hiding a lot of stuff from us. Doing some really bad things behind everyone's backs. Especially in the "constipation camps".

JOJO
What?

YORKI
I don't really know the details but it sounds uncomfortable. Also, look...

He hands Jojo a pile of letters, all addressed to ROSWITA BETZLER, his mother. Jojo sorts through the mail, opens an envelope.

YORKI (CONT'D)
There's a whole section at the post-office. Did I mention I'm a postman now? Anyway, there's a bunch of letters that were confiscated because of security stuff but I was snooping around and I found them.

JOJO
They're from my father.
(looking up, smiling)
This one is from last month. He's been in Switzerland.
(then)
He was a deserter after all.

YORKI
That's ok, I would have too if I had known what it was like.

They sit for a moment.

JOJO
Can I come and stay at your place for a while? Until my dad comes home?

YORKI
Sure. That's probably a good idea because they're sending orphans to Hungary. That's bad, I heard Hungarians bathe in human blood. Dracula's from somewhere round there so it makes sense. Yeah, come and stay. You can be my brother.

JOJO
I'd like that.

YORKI
Us kids have to look after each other. None of these crazy grown ups will.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - JOJO'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jojo is dressing himself in one of his father's suits. He checks himself out in the mirror and tucks in his shirt. Adolf Hitler is standing behind him.

ADOLF (O.S.)
I'm not sure what's going on with us. I mean, what you're doing right now, I'm not comfortable with it.

JOJO
I don't think we should hang out anymore.

ADOLF
Okayyy, that was out of the blue.

JOJO
I can't be your friend.

ADOLF
Wow, don't hold back.

Adolf lights a cigarette. Offers Jojo a drag. Jojo takes the cigarette and throws it in the opposite direction.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
Very mature.
(lighting another)
I gotta say, I'm pretty disappointed.

JOJO
You lied to me. You lied to everyone and then you blew your brains out.

ADOLF
Brains are very overrated, friend.

JOJO
You ran away. You're a coward.

ADOLF
That's a big accusation young man. Blowing your brains out is actually a pretty gutsy thing to do. I'd like to see <u>you</u> try it.

JOJO
I wouldn't. And would you mind explaining the constipation camps?

ADOLF
Constellation camps, idiot. Appreciation of stars and cosmic whatnots.

JOJO
Liar.

ADOLF
Okay, okay, I get it, you wanna go your own way, maybe start a Fourth Reich or something. Fine. But you know what, you let me down too so now we're even.

JOJO
Even how? I believed in you!

ADOLF
Yeah well, you stopped believing. What's more you missed my birthday which was just last week and you ended up making friends with that monster thing upstairs.

JOJO
That *thing* is a little girl.

ADOLF
Says who?

JOJO
Says anyone who's ever met a little girl before!

ADOLF
Well excuse me for not knowing any little girls.
(then)
You're in love with her, aren't you?

JOJO
Yes.

ADOLF
Admit it!

JOJO
I just said yes!

ADOLF
I knew it. Well, she's too old for you. You don't stand a chance.

JOJO
If I were bigger and more agile I'd kick your damn head off.

Adolf takes a step back, wary - this kid just might.

ADOLF
Okay look, I'm sorry things didn't work out with us. But y'know, we're more alike than you think. I'm still quite proud of you. Massively disappointed but also proud.
(then)
I think of you as my strange, wayward, ugly son.

JOJO
I'm not your son. I've already got a dad and he's coming home.

He shakes one of his mother's letters in Adolf's face.

ADOLF
(hopeful)
What about having two dads?

JOJO
I only need one!

Adolf nods, he knows it's over.

ADOLF
Good luck little Jojo Rabbit. I'll see you round the traps.
(then)
But before I go, could I give you a helpful little piece of advice?

Jojo stares at him for a moment.

JOJO
No. Fuck off, Hitler.

Hitler nods knowingly, as if they are sharing a really deep and important moment of exquisite understanding. He WINKS at Jojo and saunters off. Jojo TEARS DOWN the pictures of Hitler from his wall.

INT. JOJO'S HOUSE - INGA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jojo enters the room. The suit is way too big for him, sleeves and pants are rolled up. He places a sandwich on the floor near Elsa's door. He takes a piece of paper and facing Elsa's wall he reads...

JOJO
I managed to find another letter for you at the post office. It's from Nathan.
(MORE)

JOJO (CONT'D)
(beat, reading)
Dear Elsa, even though the war is over I need you to stay alive. There is still hope and we are going to get you out of there. Thank God you are being taken care of by your good friend, Johannes, who I must say is a remarkable young man, beyond his years. And brave too...
(wincing, is this too much?)
So very brave. Hope is not lost so it's important that you stay alive and healthy until I find you. So eat food, including sandwiches, if there are any. I love you, Nathan.

Silence. Jojo folds up the letter and puts it in his pocket. Elsa opens the door again.

ELSA
Hi.

JOJO
Hi.

Pause.

ELSA
He's dead.

JOJO
Pardon?

ELSA
Nathan. Last winter. Tuberculosis.

JOJO
But then who wrote this...?

ELSA
Thank you, kind Jojo. You see, I was right. You are not one of them.

JOJO
Elsa, I've found a way for you to escape, for you to be free.

ELSA
Me too. Death.

JOJO
Exactly. Wait. No! Not that!

ELSA
Jojo, there’s no point. I can’t live like this.

JOJO
Look, it’s like Nathan said in my fake letter from him. There are still Nazi-free places. I can make it happen, I know a secret way out.

ELSA
How do I know I can trust you?

JOJO
Because... well, the thing is... I love you.
(beat)
I know, I know, you think of me more like a younger brother which is fine, and, umm... it’s quite ho tin this suit.

ELSA
I love you too.

JOJO
But more like a younger brother.

ELSA
Yes.

JOJO
I can live with that. Maybe you can trust a younger brother.

ELSA
There’s only one way to find out.

JOJO
(smiles)
Then get your things together kid, we can’t delay.

INT. JOJO’S HOUSE - DAY

Jojo leads Elsa by the hand down the hall. They reach the front door and Jojo notices something. He bends down and ties Elsa’s shoelaces.

ELSA
Jojo?

JOJO
Elsa?

ELSA
You're the best Nazi I've ever met.

JOJO
(smiling)
You ready?

ELSA
Yeah. Is it dangerous out there?

Jojo winks a PERFECT WINK.

JOJO
Extremely.

Jojo opens the door. Light fills the entrance to the house. They step outside...

EXT. JOJO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jojo and Elsa stand on the front steps of the house. Elsa looks at Jojo and then back out to the street. Yorki stands nearby, he waves. On the opposite corner we see a couple of British soldiers crossing the road talking casually, in ENGLISH. An AMERICAN and RUSSIAN FLAG can be seen hanging from a building in the distance.

They take in the view and Jojo does a small fist pump.

JOJO
Yes... we made it.

MUSIC STARTS as JOJO and ELSA slowly begin to DANCE - not for anyone else, just for themselves and each other.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER:

Let everything happen to you,
Beauty and Terror,
Just keep going,
No feeling is final.
RILKE

END.